Maybe one more day, I keep telling myself. Afraid to actually follow through what I have been contemplating for most of my life. I was sure I would never deal this kind of blow to anyone, especially not my mother who had to experience the loss of her own father in this way. But by now I am not so sure any more. I want to leave this world and each waking minute grows this one last desire. I used to feel pain and grief about this loss, empathically putting myself into the perspective of those who might actually mourn. Motivation and drive, ideas for the future and the will to go there are not unknown to me. Actually I know all of these very well but they come and go like the tides and whenever they ebb I feel nothing but emptiness and disconnection. Maybe I am just unable to accept that I am ordinary and should live a life according to that reality. But I don't feel that way and never have. I've always felt like an outsider, an alien, even though I have also always been able to become a part of groups, temporary at least. Forced to socialize by the never ending void of loneliness, I created many faces. And whenever I felt comfortable enough with someone to let a glimpse through of the true that hides behind these masks I end up alone again. Either abused and forced to abandon or overbearing and abandoned, the two consistent outcomes of my social life. I don't blame anyone, not my father who conveniently abandoned me when I was 8 just to build up a family with a narcissistic women and raise my oldest brother without all the hassle that I brought. Just to end up divorced with 3 more children and reach back out to me. I forgave him, not because it is the right thing to do but because I am desperate for connection, healing and too much of a coward to face a conflict that he would simply avoid again in his nature. I don't blame my mother for all the obvious selfish mistakes she made or for not knowing better, she tried her best and never gave up on me. I just wished she would have believed in my dreams a little more growing up instead of pushing me into a miserable rat race because of her own bad example of unemployment. These words might sound harsh but they are reality and I value truth more than anything else. Yet I forgive all the lies I have been told, they are too vast to count and meaningless after all. Maybe I would be angry but none of my emotions are consistent and only surface when provoked and when they do they explode. I reject extremes and truly believe a balanced middle path in all things is the right way. But my very nature seems to oppose this. I have thought and pondered a lot about the mysteries of life and the universe but I can't find value in any of my ideas. The need for outside validation is too high and every word seems worthless if unheard by another. I've realized how we are all one and the same, I can see myself in any face, human or animal. But I can't find myself in the mirror. Like I, the true me, is invisible. Not just to me apparently, to everyone else as well. I still don't know which method I will choose. I don't want to leave a mess and/or traumatize a stranger, so jumping off a high place doesn't seem viable. I don't have access to a gun or pills and I doubt my doctors would describe me such even with my troubles to sleep almost every night as I told them in the past that I don't want to have this option available. For now I am too much of a coward to cut myself open and the thought that adrenaline might make me feel alive enough to regret and actually initiate the option for someone to save me before it is too late haunts me. As if I have no control over anything when in theory I do over all my actions. This is less of a goodbye note or an explanation. My will is weak and my ego fragile, lonely and depleted, aching and constantly tortured I just want it to end. I am even excited to maybe find out if there is more to consciousness, if the brain is the solely generator then this mind will be gone forever. If not I hope there is a better place beyond because this experience has been awful even with all the good things and positive times I did get to know. When people ignorantly dismiss the idea that history repeats itself it amuses me. Can't they see that there has always been bread and games for the civilians who work to make the rich and powerful even more rich and powerful? The topics for conflicts change but not the conflicts. The appearance of the games change but not their purpose. The cycle evolves into more complex forms but goes on indefinitely. I can't recall feeling truly connected to much, not even my family. Especially not my family, I never felt like I belonged to them. Not to take a jab as they are not bad people. Maybe I am too arrogant to believe someone my equal. For all I can tell my mind is poisoned and therefore my judgement clouded. I am not a saint any way although I have always tried to be a good person but everyone thinks they are the good guys. I said I'd never surrender, I said I could never do this because I know it will leave grief and sorrow and I'd rather endure the pain myself instead of

relieving and redistributing. So I am deeply sorry if you read this and feel disappointed, hurt or even angry. Because I didn't try enough, I could seek therapy but going the extra mile while I don't think they could tell me anything I don't already know seems pointless. Also stupidly shameful in a way, I guess that is a male problem in this society in general. Sure I can't know what I don't know, so maybe I'd learn something new, maybe I could find long term betterment. But I know myself well enough to realize that: Yes I would feel better during and afterwards but the lightless pit of depression always catches up to me sooner or later. All I could ever do is prolong and endure. Even now when I am still too much of a coward to follow through and just lay down in my bathtub, filled with warm water, and cut open my pulse veins to bleed out and finally be free of this miserable existence. I am trying to find a way out, death looms over me but has spared me in many dangerous situations where I could've easily been done already. I am not afraid of dying, I am afraid to survive. Afraid to fail as with everything, being locked up in a psych ward to sit save from myself while being tortured even more. I write this because when I do it, I want to leave something for those who do care looking for closure and also to seek solace. I always liked writing but after starting my first novel, although I love the idea and found great joy at the start, the marathon of the middle overwhelms my weak mind and will. Maybe it would be easier to fill the pages in German, my mother tongue, but almost all of my thoughts speak English and I feel more comfortable with it too even though my ability in using it is much inferior. Everything I do feels repetitive, even that which I've done for the first time. Like I already experienced all of this and surely it has been done by someone else already. So desperate for uniqueness that I am unwilling to do what has been done already by others. Childishly wishing to be special just to feel recognized and cherished for once. I am too little for my own life and too much for everyone else's. Night after night, fight after fight. Depression always comes back even if I can manage to push it back for a while. How can I expect anyone to not be tired by my ups and downs when I am annoyed and rejecting myself for it? There are so many things I would love to experience but none of these paths are worth much by myself. And I can't expect anyone to walk with me through this. Everyone good-hearted enough deserves better and everyone else, all whom I seem to attract, dessert and scar me for their personal gain. Hopeless once again, again and again. My personal hell like this reality was build to make me suffer. Give me hope just to dry me in the light of it, lift me up just to break me down again. Life has no wishing wells, all we can get is what we earn or are given. I am not saying I have not been given anything, I received many blessings. I met and befriended amazing and kind people but either I leave them because I am too terrified to be my true self around them or they end up abandoning me for their own reasons. Many people have had much poorer circumstances to go through. After all I grew up and live in a rich country, clean water that comes out of the wall and a welfare system that, although it can feel like bullying, won't let you starve. A roof over my head, electricity and many great games to pass the time. Endless career opportunity's and the ability to talk to anyone within seconds. But maybe the easy access to all of this actually causes the issue too. I can't even explain why I am so miserable because I should be grateful to have all of this and be alive in a day and age like such. Yet I know I am not alone with these feelings, there are many other who do feel the same. Who find life overwhelmingly unbearable and I think we all agree that being told to be grateful is the literal opposite of help. It's more like another stab, like none of us have the right to be miserable. I am sorry I can't blatantly ignore my own and the worlds foolishness, sorry that it eats me up that appearing great is all everyone cares about instead of actually being. I am sorry that I don't feel part of humankind even though I share all of its flaws. I am able to find objective meaning in existence but I don't feel it. Well, at the moment I don't feel anything but a longing. A void that wants to be filled with love. Everything feels like an illusion at this point, neatly crafted appearances and calculated investments. So I grew terrified of even receiving kindness. One could say this predicament was created by own attempt to protect the wounds. But I did not inflict them upon myself and those who did won't be able to heal them. So it is left to myself just like my being in general. Sure I could reach out to people and worry them until they are tired to hear how much I hate existence without ever doing anything about it. Until I am truly on the brink of social death. What for? As I said, everyone who could help deserves better than this seemingly impossible task. I

feel selfish for even thinking about it and of course also deeply afraid that nobody would even attempt such. Fulfilling the cycle of my own prophecies, stuck in an endless loop. Blinded by light, either too bright or its absence. Was I born too fragile or did the fact that even the sturdiest boulders break when you strike them often and hard enough make me this way? It doesn't matter I guess. I always hoped and prayed for someone to pick me up and lead me out of this hell, like a child lost in the forest during night. But I am to man up and be my own saviour, stubborn I defy. Just like a child. But unlike most children, nobody ever showed me that I am even worth saving. By action I have been taught that pretty much anything else is more important. I felt selfish for thinking that it was wrong. I am aware now that I was right but that does not mend these scars in the slightest. I know I should stop mourning these losses and look forward as it is the only way for light to travel. And I have tried so many times but I simply keep collecting inflictions. Nobody will sacrifice something of themselves just to give me what I need and I don't have anything more to give. I'll stop riding the highs and lows once I have build up the courage to murder the creature I inhabit. It doesn't deserve it but I can't stay in this prison without any kind of miracle. I want to acknowledge that it is nobody else's fault even if I implied it a couple of times in these pages. Everyone has their own package to bear and life to live. I have always felt like unnecessary extra weight that was simply carried along out of moral obligation. If you're reading this and it pains, don't be hurt. I could've been someone else, someone who didn't care as much, someone strong enough to overcome this. I simply am not. I don't know yet when but the day feels to come closer. I am just building up the courage. So full of love to give and yet starved of it. I thank everyone who ever had a positive impact. Although it is not too late yet and the next uprising could be not too far away, I am very sure that the ultimate outcome is inevitable. Until then I will do the only things that ever lend me any kind of catharsis, distraction and sleep. I guess I do just long to do or be anything of significance. And in some twisted, messed up, way taking my own life would accomplish such. I don't think anyone would understand without knowing this place. Logically it actually makes some sense, even if only out of ones pathetic perspective. I used to argue with myself through sleepless nights and let common sense win. But I am too tired to argue, too tired to reach out just to hear what I have told myself already. Everything I long for I don't deserve without putting in the effort. Everything I should have known earlier in life for free now has a prize attached to it and I am broke. I am not worth much if I am the work that I can't accomplish by myself and nobody else should have to. Before I'd be found there are probably weeks to pass and I am concerned of my cat to starve. She doesn't deserve being abandoned like that but I also don't really know how to make sure that doesn't happen. I could bring her to a shelter beforehand but I don't think I have the energy to do so, any kind of social interaction is insanely daring. I can't give her to anyone I know because I don't want anyone to know what I want to do. I don't want anyone to worry, I don't want anyone to prevent and keep me in this prison. If I got my hands on something to overdose on, she could feed on me until the only person who has keys for my place would stumble into his new trauma. The very brother who initiated my abandonment, I am aware of this cruel irony. I don't hate him at all, just to make that clear. I love him even if he can be quite selfish and ignorant but he is not to blame for having a mother like this. Also he is still a boy, a mere teenager who is yet to grow up. I apologize for creating the circumstances for him to find me like this. Maybe It is not him any way, maybe the stench of my rotting corpse causes my neighbours to alarm authorities before he shows up. Either way I wouldn't know but I do feel remorse towards anyone who cares enough. These are my thoughts as I am trying to figure out how to go, still reaching for control even beyond my lifetime. Why should I care what happens after I am gone? I don't really, I just don't like the idea of someone else suffering consequences through my actions. Even if I could justify it by how I suffered. But I don't want my last thing on this earth to be something vengeful or some kind of retribution. I just want to leave like I was never here. The way I most often felt, does it contradict the idea that I might just long for attention and significance? Yes sure, maybe that idea is wrong or maybe this simply shows my inner diss alignment. The creature thinks one way, my mind the other. Like body and soul are actually two separate things, like I do just inhabit a biological vessel. The possibility of such gives me a little bit of peace as it could mean there is a soul and my demise in

this life doesn't mean the absolute end. Yet I can't ever be sure but I don't see the extreme risk any more. I view it as a win-win, either I know afterwards and appreciate my decision or I won't and therefore can't regret it any ways. These pages most likely scream of insanity to anyone content with this life. Maybe I am all of the things combined someone might theorise upon my mental state, some twisted kind of sickness or just depression in its final state. Like a cancer it has been festering throughout my life. An insidious killer, even more so than odourless gas. Nobody sees you choking on it even if its there. And the ones that do cannot fathom how persistent it can be, it follows you and waits for the right time to strike. The perfect assassin, no evidence and the victim itself catches the blame for not fighting back. But I did mind you, I fought countless times. But even my bloody knuckles are invisible, my shattered bones don't show up under an X-ray. I hate to break promises but I never had a choice but give this one. That I would continue living, that I would continue fighting, that I would never give up. What else was I supposed to say? “I can't promise that” or “I just don't know” would have been more honest but do I really want to worry the few people who ever cared enough to get so close to me to know of my sickness? No, I could never risk harming them in any way. I am lonely enough as it is. Sure they would angrily ask why I didn't ask them for help. When it is already too late we are prone to think we would have done absolutely anything to prevent something. But reality is different, once I could smile again I am back to myself and the cycle repeats. So rather be thankful that I am keeping you out of this even if it is impossible to acknowledge right now.

Most mornings, like this one, I wake up with random music and noises playing in my head. Like I was wearing headphones and forgot to close a bunch of tabs. Immediately annoyed and desperate for silence I get up to at least have a choice of background noise. Is my hardware fried or why is it so insufferable with an imaginative mind like this. I can imagine almost anything at will, voices, moving pictures. Daydreaming used to be my best escape out of daily to day reality. Now I despise the attempts as all the things I used to dream about just bring sadness and disappointment. Realizing that none of these things will come to reality because I am just not good enough. I've let down myself and cursed current existence with these high hopes and expectations. I tried everything to keep this ego at bay, so I wouldn't fear failure as much. Failure is inevitable in the process of learning and becoming. Still anything less than perfection is torture of self with no one else to blame for it but myself. Why do I even care so much? I am fully aware that this human-world is build on nothing but appearance, which I find pathetic and meaningless. But I understand how good it can feel to believe one selves charade. Are we all just trying to escape the meaninglessness of our own existence by lying to ourselves? If so, I unfortunately can't fool myself into believing. I grow more and more aware of the consequences that I will inevitably experience. And since my only viable option that I've come up with so far is to bleed out, a horrible time frame feeling sorry and more pathetic than ever probably awaits me. Perhaps not as adrenaline rushing is assured when my vessel responds to its imminent death. Moments of peace and contentment were sparse and always earned. I want nothing but to be at peace. Sadly my brain stimulates itself, constantly pushing waves that I can't avoid. The ADHD mind can be cruel to exist with, where did mine develop? When I got used walking around egg shells in my own home, when I was with family? When school yard bullies walked up and punched me in the gut, kicked my shin or pushed me over from behind? When I sat alone in my room attempting to decipher morality before first grade? Frankly, I have more memories of sitting alone breaking my mind over lies I have been told my adults to keep me at bay than I have of my parents spending time with me. I realized very soon that most adults trick the children to get some peace with minimal effort. Maybe too soon, not trusting their words but having no choice but to act like you're clueless to not offend who you're dependant on. Seeking approval of someone I can't approve myself, someone I can't trust besides their best efforts to make it up in other forms. Nobody taught me how to be a productive part of society and yet it is expected and my own will punishes me for not accomplishing this bare minimum feat. Even when I did, I felt miserable as I was bored with every job I ever did. The stress of a restaurant kitchen is not a fitting replacement either. I wish anyone ever appreciated any of my ideas and thinking. But I was even

laughed at by one of my teachers of even suggesting to find a job using my brains instead of hands. Not that the opinion of any imbecile matters. But desperate for any validation, going unseen for almost all time makes every thought feel like another stab into the heart. I don't belong here. While many might beg to differ, as I displayed enough foolishness and stupidity myself. I could lie and tell my ego that I've just adapted to my surroundings to fit in. Which is partially true I guess but not fully. So where does this arrogance stem from? And how would it ever make sense that I wish death upon myself because I think I am so much better than most? It doesn't and is not reality. I don't believe anything has inherently more value than someone or something else. Value is a concept we invent to asses what to pursue. And its reinvented all the time as the judgement for individual things is constantly changing. I don't want to believe most of humanity is too blind to even see this. Yet the argument that something has worth based on this and that comes up way too often. I guess its me who is blind to the understanding. Blind to see the here and now, always trying to get ahead of myself and others. I constantly attempt to live in the future while failing the current now. A normal and average life is not too hard actually but to me utterly dulling and a waste of potential. Why should I seek the same days that have been experienced and are by most others? To display my humbleness? I don't care about the appearance as much as the actual experience. I either want all or nothing. More out of this experience or none at all. When I used to work I was constantly smoking weed, even high during work time. It seemed to be the only thing that could dull my mind enough for me to accept the day. I never suffered consequences through it at my job as most didn't notice or couldn't care less, I like to believe that is because I fulfilled my job any ways in an expected manner. Going down from the kitchen into the basement brewery constant drunkenness starting at 9:30 got introduced to the equation. Smoke when I woke up, when the high wore off socially accepted alcohol replaced and so I maintained non-sobriety throughout all work days. Sadly I don't manage to get drunk any more as it would grant me relieve during these times. Many would say that is a good thing, my body being accustomed in breaking down the poison. Leaving me more even more uncomfortable even after just a little. Still I try sometimes, maybe 20minutes of a positive effect before the headache and general unwellness sets in. It took me 5days to empty that bottle of vodka. And I went back to drinking it even when after the first third of the bottle, the first night, I threw up countless times. Drinking water only for my stomach to use it for flushing even more. Absolutely horrendous experience. I should not forget how much of a lightweight I am by now. I was always skinny but through the course of this year I lost a lot of weight, which none I had to spare for a healthy body. But why should my body resemble anything healthy when my mind is just as starved. I force myself to eat most days. As a trained chef I am quite competent in making delicious dishes but I don't experience anything like that as pleasant any more. I just give in to this vessels needs so it does not punish me with the awful experience of starvation. I am not desperate for death, only for relieve. For freedom, for painlessness. For a better world, one where the greatest despiser of arrogance is not getting high on arrogance himself. One where a society doesn't feel oppressive to itself. A world where those causing the conflict would solve it themselves instead of sending a million souls into war and then justify it by sharing their so called greatness. But if only one shows up to the battlefield and the opponent adapts to bring more, he has won. Adaptation as a process to evolve what works and what not based on current circumstances can be found everywhere in nature. I view us just as part of nature of course, there is nothing a human, or any other creature and thing, could do that can possibly be called unnatural. And we still do the same things the animals do. Instead of building a nest out of sticks and leaves or digging a underground cave we build houses. It is the same thing, the increased complexity only makes it appear different. We wage war for resources just like any predator anywhere around the world defending or conquering hunting grounds. Still we think ourselves so much greater than the wildlife. While we steal their land and later punish them for stepping on “ours”. Everything in existence belongs to everyone and everything and instead of taking just what we need, we take everything we can. The more and bigger the better. What a tremendously stupid assessment. Humans over 3 thousand years, or even longer, ago already realized this but here we are. Still trying to conquer our own homes by destroying it. Instead we could be in unity as defenders and guardians of this beautiful planet.

Countless illusions make up what we call reality. Ignorantly ignoring truth, blatantly insulting reality as if we made it up. We still just live out our own natures like the wildlife we mock for being so primitive. It doesn't matter how many thinkers come or came before this time. I am certainly not the first for seeing this, I firmly believe that. Maybe one day humankind evolves to be what it could instead of what it thinks it is. In our current state we taint the world like a child walking through a gallery with a permanent marker. Blind to the artists soul that aches within every canvas. Enjoying ourselves until the consequences we can't avoid catch up to us. In the best case nobody finds out who caused the damage, for the child of course. These pages go on as an outlet for my unfiltered thoughts. All the things I never said because holding back has the most neutral outcome where I predict being misunderstood any ways. I think I might be able to hold on and figure out the best way to go until my welfare funds, that I earned, run out. Absurdly enough the prolonged option would actually pay me more as it would just pay my rent and most bills on top of the income instead of this fracture of past wages that I am given now until the end of the year. There were many thinkers of the past that fascinated me. To me and probably almost the entire, western, world Einstein sticks out. The poster example of a genius. But after learning what there is about his private life I am assured to think we, as a species, are far away of the brilliance consciousness can achieve. Not to insult his legacy or downplay any feats, he truly was brilliant. For the current state of our experience as creatures. His day of death the 18th of April is actually my birthday, just 45 years prior. Not that this means anything but I find it somewhat amusing. His face and way to speak or write does find something comforting within me. Though I can't really describe it. To be clear: I don't think of myself as his reincarnation or something like that. I would never believe in something that is unfalsifiable. But I my ego is arrogant enough to feed itself the idea and possibility. A part of my being so full of itself and yet insatiable. Everything that can be measured has relativity to it. Bacteria are so small that we can't see them with just our eyes, the universe so big we can't even fathom it. Yet anything equal in size wouldn't address it like we do in our perspective. Just like we cannot fathom the potential of intelligence without even being near on the scale. We can't know anything, we only think to know something when it is proving to apply on the scale of our perspective. Since most peoples perspective is extremely narrow even attempting to widen one selves proves a challenge. Loneliness is the price someone pays reaching for more. Looked down upon and stamped as mad. Sure there is a great point to make that none of these peoples opinions matter as long as one can stay true to the self. But experiencing the point of view of a social creature comes with a handful of needs just to stay sane. I don't view myself as insane but I suspect that the perspective always opposes itself. I view ignorantly crafting a reality and marking it as true without questioning as a form of madness. While anyone who might feel spoken to would say the same about me. Either we are animals that evolved to be conscious or evolved to receive consciousness from beyond a “place” we can fathom. If it is the latter there is certainly more to it and I'll find out after leaving and probably return to another vessel. As much as I am excited for this possibility, returning does not sound desirable to me. At least not before a couple more centuries pass and the majority of humanity understands its meaningless trifles. The idea that the Universe delivers consciousness into us and it takes time for the biological vessel to grow and increase its capability for intelligence is intriguing. Predicting the heat death of itself and putting in the effort to safe itself. A effort of consciousness I actually know very well myself. Can it give up on itself though? As I am willing to by now. Truthfully, if I had given up completely I would not have returned to these pages after the first two I guess. Not being burdened by perfectionism as I couldn't care less what anyone really thinks about my words here makes writing these thoughts very enjoyable. Since I plan on being gone once someone might find these. The idea to publish these pages did come to my mind and I am not sure whether I despise myself for it or if I should embrace the little hope it gives me to finally be seen in a way that feels true to me. I don't care too much about contradicting myself in these sentences or repeating what I already said. My mind spins loops very often and I am just putting down what comes. The line between foolish madness while falling victim to the “Dunning Kruger effect” and true relative brilliance is more tight than anyone might think. At least that is what I think. I have been critically questioning my every action and thought

throughout all my life. Starting at a young age and whenever I would tell that to someone the reaction is either: “Impossible!” or slight impression with a face full of doubts. I doubt myself in everything and I still don't believe that is prove enough to not be a victim of the effect. I could just be another moron who thinks himself so much more intelligent than anyone else without being able to grasp the capability's of those around me. Neither are believable though because of their lack of prove in any direction. Most people who got to be close to me would think I am highly intelligent but only I experienced myself fully to know there is a lot of opposing evidence. I often try to assure myself that it does not even matter if I am or not. The appearance also shouldn't and even after mocking the pointlessness of pursuing appearance over being, I can't ignore myself falling into the same pattern. Is it taught or inherent of the creature? I am not too sure. I witness myself in contradictions constantly and fail to understand the concept of being whole. My experience is mostly the mind bargaining against the nature of the creature, while the creature with his brain invades my mind. Perhaps I am failing to see the illusion within it but it is just as likely that I am actually seeing it and trying to lift it is not something we are designed to do. Both could be the illusion. Obviously it would be best in both cases to not bother with the question and for the sake of my wellbeing strive for harmony and connection between the two even if the brain creates consciousness and there is no case of two separate parts that could exist without the other. Consciousness without the vessel at first seems very desirable to me until I'd get bored and crave interaction. Neither way I would win it seems. Although it is not about me and winning. For now I crave freedom but also connection, a purpose in a species that still needs time to become. And the average lifetime of my vessel won't be nearly enough. So I'd rather skip ahead and experience the past through history books. Sure if we do incarnate we forget the past life and I'd find myself in a phase where I'd wonder what it would have been like to be a life during these times. But that is going to happen anyway in such case. So I don't bother with post regret as I don't even wish to remember. Nobody would believe me and the knowledge would simply be overbearing. That is a good reason to not remember actually. We would otherwise live in a world where people would be persecuted beyond one lifetime and we have enough liars already to easily predict the obvious chaos of people attempting to be someone they are not. We already experience this in another way so it does not seem too far fetched. I can only speak for myself but my experience would certainly be even worse if I knew to have done atrocious things in the past before being born into this body. The festering self-hatred is already enough as it is. But don't mistake this statement as actual self-loathing, I only despise my inability to be functional and content with this existence. By my upbringing and life's teachings I could have turned out much more of a nuisance to others. I like to think that as long as I am closer to nothing of impact instead of harmful I succeed. Not for my own sake but of those who I live among feeling like an impostor. I too am very guilty of keeping up masks and appearance, often longing for validation and acceptance until it feels dull and the truer face sees light. My intention though was or is to avoid conflict and negativity. I got used to be misunderstood and judged before someone would even consider critically about a different perspective. Why should I bother any more with trying if all I have to face is ignorance that inflicts even more gruelling self-doubts. Being told all the things I already assessed myself becomes extremely boring and predictable after a while of experience. Many people are quick to judge what they don't even attempt to understand but as long as they can think themselves rightful and justified they are able to bath in the joy of their own ignorance. I understand that it is the easiest way as I have done similar and even the same in the moment and yes surely most of those contemplate later again as well. To grow and learn is the highest and only purpose if the theory of a self-helping conscious universe stands to be correct. And since our biology needs time to develop its potential it makes perfect sense to attempt the prolonging of one once its there already instead of starting over. So there is a good point to make that Suicide is somewhat selfish but at the same time, within that theory, it is the universe itself learning from a mistake and cutting its loses. If my purpose was like stated, I'd be unable to truly make difference if I am too caught up in misery anyway. Making the commitment rather logical again and even selfless on the other side of the coin. I have been fascinated by the commitment of Suicide for a long time now. There had to be a rational sense to it,

especially if we just creatures programmed for survival. From that perspective we would be much too similar to a machine. But we are sure to be very different but even out of the other perspective consciousness becomes a software. So in both ways our existence is not so different after all. But since consciousness itself remains a mystery with many theories and ideas surrounding it without proper proof, we can't really put a finger on the difference. If we did even a machine could harbour true consciousness different to AI. But I know too little about it draw many differences. But one mainly sticks out: AI's inability to think for itself without any input. Sure a program might provide it with the ability to learn and if we truly grasp consciousness one day we might design one that perfectly resemblances our mind's. As interesting as this possibility might be, it seems very immoral. To give something the ability to suffer and then put it in a body no matter its capabilities while the original intention was to create something that serves. To keep the servants away from our likeness is a much better idea unless we enjoy the cruelty of slavery. Not to forget how slippery and fleeting power and control as concepts are. We teach children the “Golden rule of ethics” to not do something to someone unless we would like to receive the same. Yet one small glimpse around the world and our actions reveal how hypocritical we are as beings. And I already mentioned how I am guilty as well. Bigger social groups become more immoral since it becomes easier to hide ones own mistakes and flaws. The mantle of the mass makes opportunism more profitable and harder to detect. So greedy and selfish acts are rewarded while the only punishment can be avoided by creating false realities in our mind where we can justify pretty much anything by ignorant lies. The scammer might laugh laying in his riches he piled up, uncaring about the life's he damaged as its not his fault they are stupid enough to fall into these traps. And it is not money that sprouts evil, money is simply a tool. Worthless unless given in to the illusion of its value. But as such tool it holds huge amounts of power, in the right position. A simple hammer is also just a tool but it holds just as much power in certain situations where a life can be threatened. And misusing a tool to hold power is the same that is done with money as well. Without greed for control and power money would, out of no lens, seem problematic at all. Yet it is the most efficient tool to control almost all of humankind, our survival secured by a number on a screen. Bound to starve if it runs out within common laws. At least we do have mercy for actions of desperation within the systems. But who did we expect to thrive within a monetary system that rewards greed and ruthlessness? The kind and moral? I don't think that will ever be the case by how things work now. We cherish saints but look up to their opposites, preach sacrifice and greater goods while feeding the despised. Deep down we would almost all choose to be in position of power no matter the costs. Money ,as well as power, is meant to spend and not hoard. We don't care for imbalance as long as we are not on the lower side of the scale. Which is only partially true though, to summarize us all is not really possible. I don't mean to give the impression that I am doing so. I speak about the general majority obviously. Even in solitude thinking I feel the need to justify my every opinion. Like it mattered, like I was still hoping to be understood by even the lowest ability of perception in information. Still I don't craft these sentences to be actually understood. It is highly probable that no one ever reads these but I don't want to leave this place without leaving behind a small piece of my mind. And it is highly liberating to express these thoughts without filtering it through socially acceptable perspectives. I probably should have done this much earlier. Since at this point I don't want to change my mind about going any more. Finally planning escape, not bothering with any thought towards my future or caring where I am now. I am not too sure yet how I want to leave behind my belongings and the little amount of money I owe. I was thinking to leave some kind of treasure, even if not great, to ease the trauma of finding a corpse. Or not finding it as I pondered about other possibilities. Taking what I owe in cash and wandering off in to the alps to hurls myself from a cliff where my remains might never be discovered. Spending all my cash on the way there in bars or restaurants. A last journey, one last time indulging in hedonism and only destiny itself could prevent me from arriving at my ultimate destination. Hedonistic ideas seemed so obviously true when I was a child. When joy is the best I can feel, why would I not seek it? Only to learn that its absence becomes more painful the more you experience it. Which is nothing new, this stands as a core principle in Buddha's teachings. But I don't have to care about the consequences of indulging if it is the last thing I do. And it would

provide a great solution for my pet. I could either leave her for my mother, lying I'll be gone for a week or so, or take her with me so instead of almost guaranteed starvation she has the opportunity to survive in the wild. I know I don't need to plan out a clean slate as much as I do. But I find it within my nature to take care, I guess I already mentioned that I am not willing to let anything dear to me suffer the consequences of my decision. I do not reread anything I write here. I simply pour. I feel the need to state that I don't think I am too special even if I always longed for the recognition of someone like it. Nothing besides my curiosity drives me truly. Sadly with every time I was told that it is impossible to be as capable of deciphering the mysteries, that give me a sense of purpose, I grew more and more doubtful of myself. Although, again, I should not care about someone's opinion who would not even dare to attempt asking these questions. A child with superhuman strength would also doubt its ability to lift boulders if it where told that it is simply impossible. And instead of trying would fall to the lie that it could hurt itself. I did not get hurt physically when I attempted but being judged with arrogant audacity with the danger of social exile is as great of a danger, even if just illusionary. We all have the need for acceptance and a place within socialities. I grew socially anxious and insecure through my upbringing and received parenting. And I am well aware that, through therapy, I might fix the damage and reach my actual potential. But I am filled with defiance and spite as I am so used to rejection that I don't even think this day and age deserves what I might be able to contribute.

As I struggled, as usual, to fall asleep last night. I wondered when I might run out of things to vent in these pages. Which was very unhelpful for the cause since, immediately, so many things came to mind and I was stuck tossing and turning for 3hours. There have been too many nights to count throughout my life were I couldn't find sleep at all during the night. Luckily I am not obligated to be anywhere in the morning now. Sadly right after realizing I was in a dream, before I could enjoy the lucidity, I woke up. I think my extensive weed abuse impaired my ability to do so. I used to attempt exploring my subconscious within these as they were able to grant me access to memories that were long buried. Not finding sleep at night was not just common during my school years but also made the entire experience very tedious. I barely got fascinated by anything that was taught. I once tried to explain why physics was especially boring to me towards parts of my family but I couldn't find the right words. I did not dare to say I was bored, it would imply I should easily manage good grades. But grades are all about memorizing and I am unable to focus on anything that escapes my interest. By now I understood that learning fundamentals is very important in just about anything. My efforts in a class were also highly dependant on the teacher. I think I experienced the full spectrum of those. Some were great at explaining and patient, did not get their egos hurt when I questioned what they were saying. Others were not so mature, as if everything they were saying had simply to be accepted as total truths and the less energy I was willing to spend on their teachings the more they despised me. I had teachers acknowledging that I don't really “need” to write anything down, I barely ever studied using notes. If I was interested in the topic and it was well delivered I'd soak up the knowledge like a sponge landing me perfect grades. I liked Ethics class most of the time, I liked learning about all the different religions even when I would never even think about believing in deities. But they all give a pretty valuable moral compass, especially considering how old these are. I guess Buddhism fascinated me the most, even borrowing the teachers book that she used to teach us the story and life of Siddhartha Gautama. When it came to the test I could almost precisely recapture his story like it was written in the book. Not that I read it more than once, interest just meant easy knowledge to me. I don't recall many greater interests in classes. German class and how to technically build a sentence, memorizing each individual part, seemed utmost tedious. So I never really bothered paying attention. But when it came to literature like Romeo and Juliet a fire ignited within me. I loved reading it in class as we had to, I could understand why most hated it. But I thrived in class during that time. Math also bored my mostly sleep deprived mind, I hated memorizing these formulas. Most of the time, during tests, I'd intuitively try around until something felt like it made sense. Maybe it was the lack of real problems to solve as I never really disliked Math itself. I just couldn't be bothered learning anything that I would never apply. But it

was one of my favourite class in elementary school, simple mathematics were fun and usable in everyday life. I think art class and Geography had to be my least favourites. I lacked the motor skills to paint anything that was in my head. Although it made me even more insecure it was okay since I was not the only one. My arts teacher in later years was, unfortunately, a older and bitter woman who clearly had her head stuck up her own ass too much to teach young people that were not talented. I do not think she understands the true meaning of art. I am pretty sure she attributes technical skill to the meaning of content. Isn't it slightly laughable that “Art” class only captures drawing/painting? Art has many forms and I think that should not be a misconception. We worked through poems and such in German class, which makes sense, and had separate music class. So why not just call it what it is: Painting/Drawing. As it is not the only and certainly not the “true” form of art. But some people in the field act just like that. I may not be able to bring these pictures on paper but my imaginative mind is more colourful than any sheet could ever be. Geography was tedious for another reason, memorizing made up borders in a world that serve nothing but narrow-mindedness. Not only do they change almost constantly due to the outcomes of conflicts and such, they also are not really real. Sure they apply functionally but I really don't care studying what “belongs” to who when the truth is that the entire planet belongs to everybody. I don't care about any ones territorial claims. I view it as highly primitive to even attempt dividing a planet. Like children that are solely focused on “this is mine and this yours”. Maybe a couple centuries further down the history lane humanity realizes how stupid the entire idea is. My hopes for a unified species, once our kind is ready, should come to life at some point. I don't have the German high-school degree but it ceased to feed my insecurity after meeting some who do. School is not a place for intelligence in this day and age. I wanted to go to the high school (“Gymnasium” here in Germany) and my grades would have allowed me. At least before the second half of 4th grade where we moved to another city, about 400km away from our home town. My mother moved in with my stepdad who lived in that city. Telling us she found work there too. It was a cleaning job at a hotel, something she could have easily acquired anywhere. First I was excited because I already had made a friend there. See, they met in WoW (World of Warcraft) a game I have been playing since I was about 7 or 8. Something that distracted and gave me the means to escape my depression throughout all these years. The two met in person for the first time at a guild meeting and I became friends with the hosts daughter who also played the game. She was, I think, 2years older than me and frankly I might just have been a little infatuated. But they had a fight with her mother, I think after deciding to move, as she was stealing the man that lived close to her and her sister. Whom they would call on for their problems. So we moved to a completely different town and I hated being there. My social life was actually thriving at home during the time and I was doing well. But there I faced bullying for regional use of words and things like having to wait a couple months before I had any work books for school. Growing up poor does not have to come with these consequences if ones parents prioritize their children well enough. But since kids are baseline stupid, as they still need to develop common sense and such, I was blamed for not caring while the sad reality was a little different. After 4th grade there was the school swap and decision in which of the three qualities of degree to pursue one would be placed on. My grades had suffered by then immensely but I still got to go the middle option. But not long after adjusting there we would move back and so I experienced 4 different class compounds within one single year. Back with some of my old friends but suffering even greater from depression I found it very hard to adjust. Before we moved to the new town my anger issues had gotten me respect on the school yard. Which was delivered to the ears of my new classmates by the closest male friend I had during the time. It was fascinating how they didn't know me at all but where slightly scared just because they were told to not provoke me. But I lost that fire when I found myself in a classroom with almost every kid bigger than me, maybe it only seemed that way as they bullied me as a group. Not physically and though and I was not exiled but kept down. So as long as I didn't bother anyone I was safe until someone had a bad day and needed to verbally assault someone. Then I'd be an easy target as there was no option to fight against a group on my own. The only person I would have called a friend during that time was not too hesitant to contribute in ridiculing me, probably afraid to share my position. My best friend back home was actually female

and I was in love with her. Which was never reciprocated but shortly before we moved away she stated that we are more than friends at this point. Which made moving even more painful. She filled me with Limerence. We lost contact after I was back, around the age of 12 I believe. Different schools and shortly before the age of easy communication, my struggles to adjust in general and spending a lot of time in a fictional world added up to this. But the thought of reuniting and finally being loved by her as well gave me enough hope to withstand the darkest places. Even when, in later teenage years, I was in actual relationships I'd catch myself thinking about her whenever things started going south. I did feel guilty towards my partner at the time but I had this fantasy that kept me afloat. I did meet her again last year when I started a new job as she had business in the area and I recognized her. We talked a couple of times and eventually I confessed in a letter how much she meant to me. But I was rejected once again. Which might have started the following downward spiral into depression. Of course I don't blame her, it is not her fault at all that I am sick and messed up. I wanted to keep contact because there was a sense of trust towards her that was not just rare for me personally but also very dear, most probably because it was so rare. But after emerging out of the last phase of depression I found great excitement in some ideas and foolishly thought to have made discoveries. Almost becoming mad through them. And as I was still childishly longing for significance in any way. I shared that I was thinking to be onto something big via text in a overwhelming and I guess boisterous way. She never replied and I still feel great shame. I was already sure she would call me crazy, hence why I opened it up with asking if she would. In a way it is a completely fine outcome, I cared much more about her and then she did about me. I view it as evidence that she never bothered to ask if I am okay as I clearly displayed a need for help through this insanity. But my sense of trust towards her failed me. So I walked right in to a utmost foolish mistake. But ironically it helped me realize that nobody would ever take me serious unless I delivered scientific proof for any of my ideas or claims. But I wouldn't say I claim anything, just ideas that might should be looked at. But I stopped caring as I am in no position on my own to accomplish anything in these fields. I barely ever cared to study already known things as I already made clear I think. The unknown mysteries though, Gravity especially caught my attention already when I was young. If we apply electromagnetic principles it becomes apparent that Gravity must or should be the opposite of matter. So Anti-matter is already accurately named I guess. I don't think the solution is found in electromagnetism though. As electricity seems to already be a evolved form of energy. So Gravity appears to be one of the most fundamentally primal energy's. The opposite of light that always moves outward. And I think even light is not properly understood. The light we see appears to me as the by-product of “consuming” or rather devolving energy. The electricity in a lightbulb as nowhere to go and connect to. But I also don't think that anything at all only consists out of one type of polarisation. Even one single atom as multiple. When I intuitively applied electromagnetic principles to Pi, I found an interesting pattern. I looked at the 3 as the total of fundamental energy's: negative, neutral and positive. Took 3 decimals each and put them into one point in time and with that applied Pi shows not only the constant chaos that naturally seems to inhabit our reality but also moments of inevitable balance. No point in time ever identically repeating only reflective of the past. That might not make any sense at all though. But if we took this wavelike pattern have it circle we get a never ending, always expanding spiral. It could actually mean the seed to our reality, or not. By how evolution seems to go it might also just be another attempt after and before countless others. Which all eventually find their demise at the heat death of the universe. If anyone finds themselves ever intrigued, I have a notebook where this exists on paper. I find the possibility for electrons being not single poled apparent, spinning around itself with the speed of light makes it hard to detect their full properties. But enough of that, I don't mean to taint the readers eyes with premature and undeveloped ideas. I looked down into many abyss's. Depression and madness I dove into. I managed to climb back on the tightropes many times. An unseen and underappreciated effort. I shared this fact with one person, after telling her about my inability to keep long term friends she offered to be one for me. But I haven't heard back from her after the last time we talked even though there was no negativity between us. But I am certain she was actually attracted to me. But being in a 3year relationship with another woman already, as a

bisexual. Showing the common patterns of dissatisfaction of her relationship. That I got to know throughout my young life since I got to be a handsome male. But she told me that I don't have to expect more than friendship, so I did not. I was once part of a cheating affair and as I am desperate for connection and generally emotionally sensitive that was an awful experience. Pretty sure she stopped talking to me because it causes conflict with her girlfriend. Or she reconsidered the amazement she had for my dance with madness. Either way another abandoning added to the seemingly endless list in my existence. What started as a letter for closure is slowly turning in to my memoir's. Which works even better I guess. It is currently the 15th of July for anyone wondering how long it took from writing this to my demise. I did start 3days ago though. I wouldn't say I am lost as much as not found. As I stated earlier I could easily find a job and wait out my days but I think I already made my point as to why that option is rejected by now. Thinking about leaving society and becoming nomadic to wander the world remains a fantasy that if I had someone to share it with me I would fulfil instead. As my brain recognizes me planning to encounter death, fear pushes away the numbness. But I will have the upper hand over the creatures desires. If I find myself paralysed at the edge, I'll simply fall over instead of leaping. By now I am almost certain I will take on my last idea of a last journey. Spending what I have to my name and even if fate prevented my arrival and instead made me wander the world, my death would be faked. There'd be no need to answer anyone and maybe one day I returned. But I highly doubt that I would find anyone that would come with me. As I don't plan to tell anyone I encounter where I was going and why. And nobody in their right mind would sacrifice everything to wander the world with a stranger. So I am assured of my success in passing. I already know that I will find myself terrified and even overwhelmed with sadness and sorrow once I stand on the edge. But death is the only way to freedom I can see. Maybe I am too blind to see any other. But with the world and its most intelligent species in this state I don't wish to be part of it. Walking through public, I find it hard to view most people any different than my cat for example. I wouldn't treat anyone like it and maybe I am just too disconnected already. But I can only see creatures following their instinctive desires. And to that too I am guilty of course, I couldn't give up smoking in the past 7years I tried. Always for a couple of weeks until lonely depression made me uncaring and give in to the habit again. Maybe we are simply creatures of natures with no external source of mind after all. It would at least excuse us from the primitive cycles our behaviour resides in. I spend most of my time observing and I guess the true understanding escapes me as I am growing so bitter of our ways. But I don't believe I am anything more, I simply see and analyse what is given to my experience. I figured I might give my personal take here on why the idea of a job is actually that bad. Trading most of my weekly energy and time, as well as binding me to be somewhere at a certain time and place, just to afford what most should have any ways. Not only watching the person you work for spend their money on either stupid shit or just hoard it. Witnessing them to be caught up their own asses without ever granting the appreciation for anyone making their life's possible. Because we should be thankful for the workplace they provide right? Well if my cut could afford me a nice home and actual vacations, let alone the position of a provider to a family. Then yes, I could be thankful for such. But these times the only way to hold, what previous generations easily earned in just about any employment, you have to become one of them. And not everyone can have their own company, if that was the case none of them would profit nearly as much as they would have nobody to earn the money for them. There are definitely not enough niche's to fill for everyone to become successful entrepreneurs. Leaving most men in the western world with the outdated expectations of decades ago without nearly the same possibilities. And stupidity thrives in pointing fingers at the actual victims. I personally would not care if I had a partner earning more than me but most men's ego's are naturally not too fine with it. After all it has been instilled to us that it has to look a certain way. And a lot of women also want their man to earn more and be successful. But that “success” is hoarded by a few in relativity to the mass. And since it comes with the control over the system they can further build it in a way where they assure their own growth. We are sophisticated enough to not go on a murderous rampage and reclaim what should belong to all. But why should we give up our morals when can instead escape into modern cushions. There is also no realistic chance that an

angry mob could beat the powerful rich at this point. Some individuals amassed so much that they could buy armies. I admire the people during the French Revolution but even they would have thought again if they were faced with machine guns and tanks. So we don't really have a choice these days. It is between unescapable mediocrity, societal failure or rampage that would not just be suicide in itself but also taint any ones name with insanity. Not the legacy any one wants to leave. Many too proud for societal failure choose the mediocrity and I have tried that path as I also am too proud for my own good. But it feels like a tame version of slavery. Or spend most of your lifetime chasing the dream of freedom just to become another oppressor. The possibility for anyone becoming so rich as some are is absurd. Even Video-games have a maximum on how rich you can become. Clearly just because the developers have to set a maximum number in the code so you can't break the whole game, right? The mass of humans is exploited and goes along with it. As it is hopeless to heal a cancer in such a advanced stage. I am certain though that eventually the dynamic will shift, power cannot be held forever. And this illusionary system will fail inevitably. Actually choosing to not work and coast of as much as possible is already a good step into the right direction. They need us for their deeds and the one thing they cannot afford yet is a mass dying of working hands. And should it not be the ultimate goal to erase manual labour from our to-do eventually? Basic survival is already not really a thing for humanity, the only thing one can be scared of at night in a city is another human. It is nothing new that we are our greatest enemy's. Unity could bring us so far but I already shared my thoughts on it. I could never help but notice that I have been born into a prison. The bars might be invisible and only illusionary but it is upheld brilliantly. Its own inmates would defend it and drag back any one trying to escape. Like crabs in a bucket. Being a social creature makes the choice to abandon society almost impossible, total loneliness is not a great trade off. It appears that there are only losing hands to play if you don't plan on exploiting and abusing. And living off the land that is “owned” by someone everywhere makes it even more challenging. Persecutions after one mistake, revealing yourself, would follow and the worst thing I could imagine is to be held in an actual physical prison. If I was caught in a situation where I'd have to face that consequence, I'd rather lash out and force the authorities to kill me out of self defence. Not attempting to actually hurt anybody of course. But I have been acting basically my entire life, so I don't think it would be that hard to convince them of no other choice. To fit into social groups I often just mirrored those around me, so there is hardly anyone that could say they know my true colours. I could blame myself to be in such a position because I didn't attempt to just be myself. But I did and usually was met with the assumption that I am pretentious acting like I am smarter than even possible. I often heard how I had to be Einstein to even talk about this or that and that it is impossible. Throughout all age groups I received that comment. Nobody ever would hold back and wonder if it was actually possible. If he existed and was this brilliant then it is not impossible for another mind. Especially not further generations down. But as a obviously poor lowlife stain in society that could of course never be actually me. I'd have to achieve something unheard of to proof my genius. While fighting inherited demons and even myself in the process. So to anyone who does consider that maybe society around me made a huge mistake. You failed yourself by failing me if I was someone I tried to reveal from time to time. And I'd like to address all those who might think: “If he was so smart then why did he not this and that?!” Read these pages again and for once open your mind to a perspective you clearly cannot comprehend. Yet, as I stated multiple times by now, I am not saying I am what I just implied. As I don't have proof besides my experience with the rest of humanity. Lets just dismiss everything I said and put the insanity sticker on my carcass. Call it a day and never consider that the world we are creating for ourselves only serves a few so we can just go down this road without ever changing. As much as I want to be spiteful and feel justified in it. I forgive the conscious species experiencing its childhood. I would like to know what it is like to truly strive for any meaningless pursuit and find purpose in it. Think it to be right and never look beyond. Unfortunately that experience escapes my existence. The greatest joys I found throughout these years was to help others in their pursuit's. Empathy would let me share their experience but playing just a role instead of being my own character is extremely exhausting, so I could never keep it up consistently. Having to retreat into solitude eventually, too scared of being rejected for my true

self over and over again. I know I should eat something unless I want to experience another headache from malnutrition. But I don't even want to leave my place. Nor do I have the energy to cook something out of the spare ingredients I have available. Since I started writing this most of my days consist out pouring these thoughts and going back to bed, gathering energy to pour again. But I guess I guess I have no choice but to leave for now. Get some highly processed garbage that will prevent my body from lashing out at me for the neglect. At least it is minimal effort and I do not even need to care about the long term consequences of these minimally nutritional items any longer. 2025, a time where someone publicly glorifying his own meth addiction receives attention as if the inevitable deteriorating of his entire being has to still be discovered. The internet is quite an amusing, flashing, dumpster fire of stupidity. As someone who was born right at its dawn and grew up alongside it I am not sure whether to laugh or cry at its current state. The amount of moronic action, that before was only locally seen, now serves even monetary gain. And these people “earn” sometimes much more than anyone actually hard working. I trained as a chef at a not so small restaurant with a relatively small staff. I worked there for a bit even after my training but already during I took a lot of responsibility on. Because I had to, constantly understaffed we would drown our stressed minds with alcohol and weed after pretty much every shift. I recall sitting in the bus home, multiple times, contemplating whether I would have to puke or if I'd make it home without making myself a nuisance to the public. Sometimes I would choose to walk instead but most of the time I could enjoy that level of intoxication. I have not been able to experience that level for a long time now. The mixed effects of both have served me well in dismissing my dissatisfaction. But even highly intoxicated I found it hard to connect as my mind was only pushed into the background instead of actually being quiet. But I could ignore awareness and have the creature flow naturally, even if highly impaired. I miss not being accustomed to these substances that much. But they don't have nearly the same effect any more. I'd probably be able to enjoy this existence much longer if they did. Maybe if I had easy access to consistently great weed, I'd choose to stay until the effects truly bored me. But having to deal with the social aspect of knowing a source is reason enough for me to just let it be. My love for the drug firstly came from being able to fall into deep, restful, slumber at will. But I have not gotten that result in years too. But I want anyone reading this to know that, through it, I was able to discover many dormant memories and different angles to decipher emotional trauma. Still you might say that obviously it did not help. But that comes without the acknowledgement of how much work there was even before this state. By now I gathered a deep understanding of my sufferings source. Before I still had the curiosity that would drive me to figure it out. Thinking that I would find healing when I did. But true mending of these wounds can't be achieved by just myself. Only a true replacement for what I have lacked could fill up the aching void. But remember, anybody able to give me such does not deserve to deal with these problems. I used to try and convince myself that I would have no choice but to place that burden onto someone. Now I have chosen to forgo the microscopic possibility of finding someone. I'd have to be thoroughly convinced otherwise by such selflessness that is simply impossible to expect. Also terrified of another abandonment by someone that could give me hope one more time, I have carried enough pain. And through the objective lens I might seem exceptionally weak, and maybe I am, but I cannot even find words to describe the inner terrors I experience every waking minute. I don't feel one with the creature, merely forcing it to do my biding when I can muster the willpower against its desires. Constantly rushed with intrusive thoughts, noises and in conversations sometimes even losing control over my words. The creature does not always obey my commands and I find myself imprisoned within myself many times. I can notice my consciousness being shackled in the background whenever I am not alone. Even by myself I often cannot do much but watch as impulses take over control. While I am still busy recognizing them, they already played out their action. Regularly losing control over one's vehicle naturally results in many crashes. The brakes are broken just like the gas pedal. The steering wheel spontaneously spins like a compass as if the poles suddenly switched place. I would actually curiously watch how much mental illness would be attributed to me just through this writing. Sit back and laugh as I am finally free of the broken machine I am forced to operate. I would not call myself delusional as I am writing this. I am

calm and rarely ever been clearer. Writing out my last words fills me with a sense of peace and I am glad to have the hope to not die suffering. But rather knowing I spoke my piece. Perhaps nobody ever reads this anyway, let alone the public mass. Once more my concern rises that even my last couple thousand words will end up misunderstood. If you are reading this and think I personally believe I am nobody other than me, Maik Malcherzyk, your are not just wrong but also part of the problem. To listen and attempt comprehension might be something you should work on before allowing yourself any sort of judgement over any being, even your own. I seek silence and solitude while I need companionship and love. The loudest voices most often carry nothing valuable and only send those into hiding that should be heard. Words that actually carry weight don't fly as freely through the air unless enough force catapults them. While the empty can easily be tossed even by the weak. And all over again, again and again. I do not claim mine to be heavy with value. At this point anyone should have understood this and if not I cannot help you do so. To deprecate anyone is not my intention and I wish to have a sense of security that this would not need to be explained any more. If there was a god in the form of an actual deity, he too would probably stop bothering with us. Just hide us away like a artist does with one of its creative endeavour's from early childhood that just doesn't match anything else in quality. Start over after learning what he did not know prior about the craft. Unless of course all of this is part of the process. Which failure in about any field always is. But as the attention paying reader knows: I don't believe in deities. But I find it intriguingly likely that, considering the relativity of everything, Our entire universe could be just one cell in the organism of another creature. Perhaps just a galaxy or solar system. When it comes to the relativity of size, there is no limit to how small or big something could be. Only because we lack the scope to measure and are unable to perceive it does not mean it cannot be there. From another perspective we might just be even smaller than bacteria are to us. And also quarks within atoms might have something smaller forming them and so on. To think to know something is all we ever can achieve. While the scale of existence might go infinitely deep. Although at some point there had to be a foundation from where everything grew. Not that we will be able to uncover and proof how deep it actually goes all too soon. For now our perception is still too tight towards our perspective. And we have not even realized that without unifying science within their different fields we won't ever be able to paint the big picture. We must deal with the inherent conflicts of our nature if we want to ascend as a species. Although conflict has shown to drive progress greatly, it won't lead to the destination we desire. When our egos still thrive to outmatch the other can we truly view ourselves as THE humanoid species? Some don't believe in free will, that someone's actions are solely based on past experience and nature. While that can be seen as apparent, it is also a very lazy assumption. The majority might not be able to separate their functions from consciousness, not capable of detecting the difference. And I may just be mentally ill enough to think there is such. But I do believe that we are capable of more than just fulfilling our program. Where the proof for that assumption is? Unless your life had nothing but easy choices and obvious paths to take, it should become apparent. I won't attempt to provide further “proof” as it could easily be twisted towards the counterargument. Especially after stating how I experienced the lack of control over such will. But it's there, most probably still very underdeveloped. I focused mostly on a pessimistic way to look at things so far and I don't mean to disregard those who are not just dreaming of a better world. But the people actively standing for it unlike myself. Individuals among us that can see how far we have come and stepping further. Defending the balance already in place, those who not just look at either side of the coin but realize that there is a between. For each and everyone to agree it would take “the” perfect solution to any problem there is. With each individual having their own perspective, experiences and even neurological difference in thinking that solution appears to be highly utopian and purely idealistic. With two main political parties ebbing in prosperous times and flooding when problems rise. No single extreme will ever be able to provide anything close. To take the best out of both worlds and unifying it seems painfully obvious but that is what democracy at its core can allow. Many people already realize that their personally desired approach won't bring peace to the entirety. Still we have some that would rather be under total rule while others, like myself, preferred total freedom. Too many laws and after a while none of them will effectively bring anything but

defiance. Too little and cruel evil runs rampant without repercussions. Balance once again is absolutely necessary. And even if current times suggest otherwise, we are on a consistent way there. No kind of mastery is achieved without hiccups and failure. It becomes increasingly harder to hide any maliciousness from the public and any discovered information is spread globally within seconds. Political leaders of the future should soon be aware that there is almost nowhere to hide once they become exposed after messing up badly. Power is meant to be used and cannot be held as I mentioned already. Those who try always find out what consequences their futile attempt brings. It is not just ironic but also almost amusing that a modern day Thomas Edison buys and thrives with the name of tesla. And as his hunger cannot be satisfied, through gluttony he too will find out how high up the sun actually is. So will everyone who attempts flying past the comfortable warmth without ever considering what bathing in its radiation too long and intensely means. There is no either or. Every evil eventually plants the seed of good and interchangeably the other way around. None will ever exist without the other and that as well is no new wisdom at all. What is what depends on the individual observer to judge, bother can always be either. Nourishing one extreme also grows the other. Nourishing both at the same time, not parting them, let's them grow equally as they are meant to be equals. Balancing each other not for happiness but for peace. We must work together, no side should work on their own and strive to outgrow the other or even sabotaging it. The mentally gifted should not exploit the rest as abuse always trickles down before cycling back. For the longest time has the contentment of the few cost the many while we do have the resources for equality. The argument that there are many undeserving as they are not willing to contribute at all truly is tricky. But have we ever asked what they actually want to contribute instead of telling them to do this and that? That question is also not asked as easily as you might think. Their answer pulls all existing factors in to the equation. They know they are expected to pick a existing option and may lack the ability to think of their owns. And what do we expect of them? We already have care-homes for mentally challenged people that do nothing and cost. Yet everyone even minimally capable has to be forced to contribute. Maybe we should work on understanding the lazy before judging them. Laziness often results from defiance. From a depressed perspective I can tell that when my sink over floats and dust settles without disturbance. I choose to wear dirty, stinky clothes instead of providing myself with more comfort through easy and minimal household efforts. It is defiance that drives my acceptance of discomfort and judgement. Knowing what I should be doing and deep down wanting it but paralysed as I face the actions. Defiant as the clouds won't let me see the reward. I have seen “lazy” people work very hard when they actually wanted something they found worth chasing. Our own egos prevent us from realizing this most of the time. “I don't want to do this and that but I still do it!”. People pry themselves often, ignorant towards someone else's point of view. There many things that cannot be forced, only guided. Maybe the lack of a sense of freedom stirs laziness. It is extremely easy and also lazy to elevate ourselves as better people looking down to those of inaction. But inaction is not desired by anyone, energy always wants to move and nothing in this reality is anything other than a form of energy. No matter how complex or advanced. We all want to flow but it is our own waters that we need to move in, drowned in someone else's we would simply vanish. Some align very well and others do not as we are all individual drops of the same ocean. Our journey through the clouds and cycles of vaporization differentiate the original properties. Some may function perfectly as they intertwine their waters. Others would poison and introduce extinction causing predators to another's life. Originating from the same ocean and taking on different paths as we eventually return. The unity I speak of does not suggest that we all take the same path and choose one way or speed to flow. It means to accept and cherish the difference experience so that when we return and meet again, we may share what it was like. Eventually solving the unavoidable self created problems not directly but cyclical as they emerge. No creature out of their element can thrive but we still dare to judge what escapes our own experience. We need each other, even those we despise, to complete ourselves. The illusion of separation is created by time and space itself. If we were able to look far enough that became apparent. Every moment in the now is a reflection of the past and from that we shall learn and grow. I am not telling any individual what to pursue or do. It is one your own accord. But those poisoning

the waters of others with their own, even in good intention, should realize their mistake. To find out if intertwining one's flow with another is beneficial or not cannot be decided out just that one perspective. Both have to consider the outcome and choose wisely. It is crucial that intertwining remains profitable for both. So to consider not just the self but also the river we meet means benefitting the self in the future as we are all one and the same, just separated at this moment through the creation of a moment. As consciousness originates from one mass outside the concepts of time and space. Trying to control others means the desperate attempt to control ourselves. Power can both build and destroy and holding it instead of building will bring self-destruction. As I stated multiple times now, it cannot be held. It is energy and that ALWAYS needs to move no matter the frequency of its current. Maybe I should re-address the concept of free will since it can be inter-predated in different ways. If my natures will can freely move, it is a free will. If I am free to choose action besides any logic and concept, it is also free will. Although we might just mark it as mental sickness. If I can act against my very own nature, I have chosen freely. Only bound to a kind of program, completely unable to change the course of thought and action, the will is not free. But we are not completely bound to do just what we feel like doing, our actions can differ by choice even if it is often hard to overcome the internal push and pull. To close this off remember that nobody as only one layer to their being. Most things are not what they seem and especially not people.
My left chest flickers all day and I have noticed weird behaviour from my heart for a while now. Although I am merely 25years old, the years of poisoning myself already affect me. I wonder if I could just wait to make my passing appear less tragic. I am not afraid of these consequences nor do I regret the abuse of my own body in this way. But that is probably already, painfully, obvious. I definitely won't stop now with these self-destructive habits. Even when I am completely sober besides Nicotine and Caffeine after that last bottle of Vodka I talked about. I guess I should mention the prescription Ritalin I have been given due to the ADHD diagnose. A little bit of silence I can enjoy for a couple of hours per day. But not necessarily focus actually. Which it should bring me but from personal experience I report no real increase. My mind fixates on what it desires through interest and passion. It can do so for hours, some of my highest awake times grinding in a game are above 40hours without break. And that all happened before I was diagnosed and pre-scripted. That is a change from about 3 or 4months ago. I don't even take it daily, only when the noise from my brain begins to agitate me. Which is almost every morning but when I am not intending on productivity I can ignore it. I don't “feel” any effect, I only notice temporary silence. I find it funny that the psychiatrist who prescribed this to me made me believe I would need to stop smoking weed before they could. Yet when I went to the appointment and received it I was not sober. In fact before pretty much any doctor's visit I took in the past 6years I smoked weed beforehand. I have not been dishonest about it either, sure I never mentioned being under the influence right at that time but I even exaggerated my daily consumption. Of course it is my own choice and there is nothing they can really do about as they only do their job, which can only be most effectively done if I value my health even more than they do. I just want to say that either most people really cannot detect someone non-sober as well as they think they could or they just don't actually care. Sure what are you going to do or say right then and there anyway? All you can do is to tell them they should cut back no matter the current moment. I am not even sure where I am going with this but when it comes to drugs and the laws around them: Education is much more protection than restriction or a ban. Everyone should have the right to destroy themselves if they wish to do so. But a lot of people still think they can parent the others because they know so much better. It is not wrong to know that especially the harder drugs inevitably lead to mental and physical deterioration. Its not like the consumer's are not aware of that. How about asking why they would do them if the consequences are so apparent and easily to educate on. Take away any reason to find escape within substance instead of giving another by condemning them and the user. Drugs are not the root of the problems they create. The actual roots only give the motivation for consumption. Many people buried under responsibility and stress of their pride like cocaine for example. So they can play children, recapturing a feeling they think is lost. It only balances out the extreme with another.
Positions of power naturally attract those who hunger, like a feast would the desperately starving.

So we don't really need to ask where the good leaders remain. Its not that they don't exist but do we really expect them to put up with their colleagues who care more about their own personal gain although they put themselves to work for the majority? In idealistic, utopian, theory a politician sacrifices their solitude and own desire for the greater good of the many. And some have been fulfilling that purpose gracefully, I don't mean to dismiss those. But comparing the practical reality with the theory makes it seem like dreamy fiction. But we should not forget that a country unified within its states is already a progress when all the states could be their own countries. And the difficulty already increases drastically in managing such opposed to regional. But like mastering any skill, moving up difficulties one after another is necessary to get there. So seeing the progress we already made makes me smile hopefully for the distant future. Failures and problems that need to be solved are also always part of the progress as mentioned, I think a couple of times now, already. I was always one to hide away from that progress when things started to become difficult. As I often excelled at the early stages with ease, learning quick, before crumbling under the expectations to keep up that pace. I can recognize that pattern as a reason for my will to perish. Should that change my course? I am not sure as I have accepted my cowardice. And I do not long to put myself into the position to make a difference. And I am sure many who have the mind and good-heartedness to change many things for the better feel the same. While many start to accept deprecation through the societal lens, manipulation will weaken in effectiveness. A truly peaceful and unified world will not need any governing to control the people. Still we cannot ignore that some individuals seek to only destroy what others build. Without any apparent reason we might think. But I am pretty sure that the surge of power, attention and feeling of significance that comes with actions like these have their place in reasoning. As long as we are not willing to look beyond the surface of such matters we continue tapping blindly. The sheer amount of individuality and difference can seem overwhelming but like anything on a scale it has its relativity. Starting with respect and understanding, without any judgement, we may move undisturbed by one another. Friction might be inevitable but two, perfectly balanced, energies in friction birth a neutral that builds the bridge. We are not running out of space that soon on this planet. I don't mean to reason that by the declining birthrates. Our numbers will continue to grow even if its not within the west but in general. We are yet to build underground, in the ocean and sky. While that will be challenging, it seems much more feasible than colonizing another planet already.

During these sleepless nights I wonder where the positivity hides within the journey towards my chosen end. Not just mine but anyone's that found themselves at the same destination. Is it within the rude lesson for those that experience loss? Or is there actually a better place that awaits. I'd prefer both but the former is at least pretty much guaranteed. While that already provides me with an answer, I have the habit of not stopping there. Expecting any satisfaction would be futile as I have seemingly lost my sense for that concept. I reminisce about times where I'd feel a kind of connection and belonging within online communities. Although always just briefly, bound to return back into the hell that creates itself within me. I am not sure how far I could have taken this existence without these experiences from childhood till now. But even in these spaces a true long-term connection was not within my grasp. The question is not if I am the problem, obviously I am. We forge a identity throughout our life's and begin to break at the thought of losing such. Often unaware that every layer makes the whole. While the outer layer, that mostly defines our identity, builds itself from each and every beneath. Characteristically by those who were nourished and allowed to grow. People with healthy upbringings and a sense of connection to the world don't seem to cling to a identity as much as those who don't. If one is in a place where only certain aspects of their being meant acceptance they don't see a choice but to hold on to it. “Who am I if I did not do this and that?”. A question I commonly heard from one of the most broken people I encountered and got to know in the past. There is no true need for an identity for the self if inherent morals are given and the assurance that they are to be accepted as well as shared. The confusion caused to a growing mind by bad examples that still punish imitation can be devastating. Growing up, especially early on, we don't just listen and accept what we are told. Subconsciously we observe and copy the grown images of ourselves. Of course not just them but everyone around us. A child inherently starts to

believe that an adult knows what they are doing. Functionality is the most important thing for something to persist. For a child pretty much anything that does exist appears to be functional. I absolutely hated to hear that I have to be silent while adults are talking. I understood the hierarchy of things but I wanted to be part of the conversation and felt not just excluded but always belittled. While at the same time being expected to do better than my given examples. I often felt censored and pushed to the side. I learned quick that if I wanted any affection and attention I'd have to remain as unproblematic and silent as possible. I don't remember ever being encouraged, let alone supported, towards any of my dreams. Never pushed to take on challenges but forced into bare minimum necessities that seemed nothing but dull and uninteresting. No methods taught to gain focus or how to deal with adversities. Unable to express what was going on inside me most of the time and hopeless to receive anything helpful. Detachment was the outcome. After all I would cycle back into a more positive state from time to time. So I guess preventing future episodes was not an urgent problem. I despise being asked what I wish for at birthdays or Christmas. Since receiving a broken pair of headphones from e-bay with the receipt still in the package that revealed to me how little my wishes were actually cared for. I know that money was a struggle but it was also very poorly managed. New projects in form of exotic pets that would not remain long as parts of the family are the most apparent example. What aches me the most about that one “present” is that the idea of making a great deal with an item like this is not the wrong. But even to me at that age it was blatantly obvious that this most likely would not be functional at such a bargain. And not even testing it before handing it to me as a present is almost just as disappointing. When I unpacked it I got really excited and the intensity of that excitement shifted right into painful let down. I am nothing but uncomfortable since that day when it comes to that question. And I am incapable of gifting myself unless I am perfectly sure about the reaction. Feeding into the resentment towards myself whenever these days arrive and I receive without being able to give or even appreciate truly. I have siblings, all of them with either a different mother or father. Although I did not get to know any on my fathers side until recently almost a year ago. My older sister is and was pretty much the opposite to me. While I avoided feeling more of a burden than I already did, she excelled at creating problems around herself. I'd often get into fights with her until, around the age of 12 I believe, I started pretty much ignoring her as most interactions were nothing but tedious. Very social and not quite the brightest she would think herself to be smarter than me. I understand that she was desperately reaching for the attention and care we both didn't get. And while I was causing little to no problems while my mother realized relatively early on that my mind is not too ordinary, she was caught in a even worse position. While I was and still am basically the golden child, she had to endure existence as the opposite. Even nowadays, as we are both adults, me visiting and calling is desired and welcomed while but rare while she is perceived as more of an annoyance. I can easily observe this whenever I do visit and she calls. But also still causing problems while already being a mother herself. Which she CHOSE to become with a poor choice in men and no degree at all let alone any experience in a field of work. I can honestly only resent that path as it repeats the cycle. But I am not looking down on her as much as it seems. It is not her fault that she does not know better. We oppose each other in basically every way. As she resorted to fill the void by looting the fridge at night and loudness. I often times struggled to eat at all and remained silent. It would be at school where I'd earn a reputation as a class-clown and nuisance towards the teacher's I disliked. While her school life was mostly struggle to partake. Then, about 15years ago, my two brothers were added to the picture. Twins that also pretty much resemble the same opposition in nature. I was never really able to connect to them. I don't think I need to explain why too much. There was already not enough to receive in place and two small children at the same time exponentially accelerate chaos and noise. Not even my headphones blasting loud music could give me any peace. I don't resent them for that though as it is also not their fault but the lack of competence in care-taking. Still I don't mean to slander the parenthood all too much as I mentioned at one of the earlier pages. Many of our current young generation are becoming more thoughtful and break the cycle by deciding against parenthood. We tend to parent the way we were parented since it is a learned skill. So it makes sense that bad parenting in world where basic survival is no longer a common issue

becomes a new form of natural selection. At least towards those self aware enough to realize that they would repeat the mistakes that caused the damage within them. It is not easy to parent appropriately in a extremely fast changing world. Another reason to forgive in my opinion. They could barely teach us the world how they have been taught as it was no longer even close to it. Outside of its fundamentals at least. And not to forget that it has not even been 100years since the second world war. Essentially we all are still post war generations. They were even closer to that, especially their parents. Who had to deal with a whole other scale of problems and change. Thankful for those who took power and control over the chaos which many, myself included, despise now. Much more busy with every day life activities than we are with all this spoiling technology. To point fingers is absolutely futile and unnecessary. To adapt what is and adjust towards what can be should remain in focus. Blame won't get anyone anywhere, it only exposes lack of perspective and understanding. I don't think having children ever used to be of any controversy but the world has changed. A perfect childhood is not absolutely necessary to grow into a healthy thinking and functional adult. Perfectionism itself is a big part of the problem. Nothing can ever be truly perfect. We may lack any idea how something could improve in the moment that we observe but nothing ever is perfect in every way possible. But the intrinsic perception of something either being not able to improve or not good enough at all to even be looked at drives perfectionism for me personally. Worthless if not the best. I suspect this being a side effect of global comparison. Around the world there will always be someone who is better at something that oneself. While striving to be the best at something regionally is a much more achievable goal. As long as there is everything to gain with such an accomplishment competitiveness will remain as fuel. Fame rarely comes without fortune. Within a system where wealth translates into the appearance of personal worth and power we will continue to pursue that kind of position.
In the never ending dance with the sickness, willpower towards defiance won't die. Glued to the lead of depression I stumble whenever I attempt to switch place. Frankly, it is comforting to be led. The aspiration to proof my independence lingers underneath the fear to be dismissed. Sometimes flashing in a rush of confidence. Still having to take my first successful steps to grow the ability and habit while feeling watched and also completely alone. Bound to guide myself evermore. Giving up is not one of my favourite options. To be fair to myself, I despise surrender. Withdrawal into the safety net that is not trying serves more accurately to describe how I have been dealing with failure and hardship. With the extremist notion branded into my subconscious that either I can or can't, I find myself struggling to apply the realization of the in between. The journey to accomplishment is not linear and most definitely not guaranteed no matter how much potential sources the path. Expecting myself to walk a tightrope above hell without ever learning to stand up or walk properly. Yet I have tried more times I could count. Fallen and escaped to get back on and try again, the rope shakes and I tremble. As if someone sabotages that slim path from behind while promising to just watch. Most often it is myself who sabotages the line, cutting it off whenever I manage to balance and take a few steps towards the end. My greatest enemy is within, holding the hatchet that needs to be buried. Not willing to let go of it. Comforting it is to blame apparition's of the past for denying the future. To accept helplessness without guidance. Although I would like to fight and stand my ground despite everything. Make endurance and adaptability evident to my soul. Take on the horrors all by myself and disregard the longing for solace. My embers have cooled, my hands tied and broken. Where would I gain the strength to break free and exorcise these demons? There is no negotiating with them, they strike at me and laugh until my only choice is to submit. I have not lost all encounters though but they grow stronger each day while my essence diminishes. Leeching of the spirit that inhabits them. Selling me lies while I have no currency to pay and later collect the debt. The damage they deal is too great for my fragile being to withstand alone. My protectors never showed up as they are outmatched themselves. There is still time to catch up, I know. Hope dies after this body, not before. Darkness is merely the absence of light, I must illuminate with nothing but my spirit somehow. Forgive and comfort that part of my nature. It knows neglect even more than the other does. The shadow I had to leave behind in order to survive has to be reintegrated. I have tried to flee from that intrinsic part of myself for too long. I understand the

hatred it shows me. I know very well what it means to be abandoned and seen as useless weight. The painful reality of broken alignment that was naturally based on trust. Will it ever forgive me? If not, we go down together as we are bound to one another's existence. It longs to lash out and demand justice towards the wrongdoing of the past. Reparation and substitute for what seems lost. Punishing my weakness to allow him to manifest as I am too scared. Terrified of what I might do under the control of such grief and anger. We understand that there is no point in blaming anyone, right? I ask the shadow but my own image rolls his eyes and scoffs at my cowardice. I have focused so much on being “good” that I completely abandoned wholeness. A stubborn and fuming child, unwilling to listen before it is given what it wants. I understand that I have no choice but to give into that obligation. Allow him to empty these tears and to receive what is demanded. But the reality is too easily predictable, we will be met with disappointment just like always. Is there another way to mend this part of my soul? Another way to realign myself within? I might find the answer before ultimate surrender. I don't need to spend thought on my path to oblivion any more, It is mapped out and remains. Unless the urgency pushes me towards the solution or destiny itself intervenes I won't see the next cycle around our sun. Although it is yet another punishment for the existence of what I reject within me. Sadly I am too weak without that inherent source of strength aligned to me. I never learned how to connect since I practised disconnection for all my life. My mother's father most certainly prevented or prolonged that pitiful outcome. I mentioned early that he took his own life after a long drawn out battle with depression and the positive to that, even if decades later, is that I am still breathing. I have come far enough to write this and analyse my despair so it may serve someone else until the chain breaks. My mother liked to mention that he and I would have most probably got along well together. I could definitely have used to have a grandfather with these experiences. I do well in observation but lack the ability to take proper action most of the time. A source of guidance might have balanced this out. But if he had remained just to endure like I have been then there might have been a totally different course of history within that compound. Nonetheless I am grateful for him to even give me a fighting chance. Even if I never met him but maybe I will beyond this reality eventually. I fought these impossible battles with the intention of protecting my mother from reliving that sort of pain. Perhaps it pleases the neglected and rejected within me when I do give up. I won't sugar-coat that cruel reality. I view freedom as a basic need, freedom in expression and action. Its only restriction should only ever be basic morals. Expectations and judgement are strong shackles inside the mind. Once they are applied it is a great challenge to escape them. I have tried writing down observations and ideas in the past but never finished anything. The insecurity and inevitable mistakes through my mediocre education would silence any attempts before they could ever take flight. I am aware that most or none of my insights are truly new or profound. The choice of ultimate demise takes off the weights that come with the foolishness I will reveal. Not considering whether anyone cares or not is quite liberating. I wished to tumble through this life with the attitude that would generally allow me this. But as I watch myself like prey waiting to be ambushed that option eludes my nature. The repercussions that follow a mistake, even with rational acceptance, are too costly for my empty pockets. Projecting the abomination that is my ego towards myself mostly. For a long time in history a genius was depicted and gazed up as someone gifted by the divine. But the brighter a place shines the darker it can appear. There is always a form of balance, everyone is created equal. What appears purely as a present also always bears a curse. That duality with the neutral between binding it together conceptionally courses throughout all of reality. If you find it hard to agree you should attempt to look deeper. I notice my mind protesting against an absolute statement like this again. But the expression of neutrality when I clarify that I can only think to know and that I am fully aware of the possibility to be wrong binds both positions peacefully. I never had the intention to change anything writing this nor do I expect anyone to accept any of my ideas as valuable. After all it means breaking the silence I have been nesting in safely out of cowardice so far. Only that desperate will to take a last stand before my presence vanishes grants me the strength to even fill these pages. As I wrote these first 20.000 words in the past 5days, I begin to cherish that misery as fuel. The curse carries blessing as both are one and the same. But even with that realization I'll probably won't turn

back. To get my hopes up means to suffer disappointment which is not just pessimistically predictable but inevitable. The glass is never half full or empty, where there is oxygen or even just atoms and molecules, it's always full as can be. But one stranded in the void is as empty as can be. Pure nothingness remains a unfathomable concept in physical objectiveness. Even when I express to feel this void I must acknowledge that there is still something. The negative pull inwards that attempts to attract what it needs to sustain existence. Like gravity attracting all ingredients out of literal space to build a generator that sustains it's existence. Before the fuel runs out and it evolves. Am I witnessing my own evolution trying to bring closure to the forgotten child right after admitting an empty tank? We often experience the greatest change after we hit the lowest points. Open and defenceless with nothing left to lose. But I will hold on to my plan. The only certainty I know resides within it during these times. I am glued to my keyboard and the page until I find myself exhausted and return to bed. Frankly it is catharsis to feel like doing something purposeful. Not neatly picking every word and critically analysing the impossible amount of receptions. Uncaring whether anything I say is repetitive at all, not even glancing at the thought to read and edit. A form of ignorance surely but I start to understand why that functions so well. Functionality after all is the most important thing to consider when applying solutions and creating systems. Without it, well it simply does not work obviously. As good as the theory can sound. Simplicity gets lost in the process of adaptation. What starts out at relatively low complexity evolves as problems emerge and are fixed. Becoming a chef has taught me that besides a few exceptions the best dishes are the most basic and simple. While even those can appear overwhelmingly difficult to someone lacking the experience and understanding of its ingredients. Following a recipe, using the correct ingredients while applying the correct techniques does not always result in the same level of product as someone with true intuitive understanding can create. As with basically everything in the real world, timing and situational adaptation to the recipe lacks without true comprehension. When a recipe receives too many adaptations and looses its simplicity a functional solution is often to revert back to its origins. But of course there were reasons for the change. So it is necessary to fully grasp why and how they effected the outcome. Otherwise its history repeats endlessly. Adding more layers when the first crumbles might help keep the one underneath flattened but only until the added does the same. Figuring out the reason that it crumbles and solving that bears much better results. Nothing needs more complexity to achieve greatness within its purpose. A product is good if it is made good, as I liked to say in the kitchen. And while that not only sounds moronically basic but also is, it explains itself. Obviously the question is how to make something good. To answer that it is important to realize that it is a headline-question above the actual questions underneath. To ask those leads to learning and understanding. A great cook can transform basic and low quality ingredients into something magnificently delicious while another can spend a fortune just to make slob. Ingredients are not as important, specific tools can most often be substituted with creativity and even the most advanced grill can overcook a steak if not used right. Love, care and passion are the ingredients put in by chefs that seem to always create something delightful. Honesty too, a busy and stress-plagued restaurant often sends out dishes that could and should be better and simply hopes that the customer does not notice. In these cases the mass of customers are not entirely innocent as many add to the stress of the staff by being impatient and inconsiderate. Outright entitled to be treated as some kind of special guest in a room with over a hundred others. That narcissism is a plague in all walks of life. I have noticed these voices within me sometimes too, it is a part of being human. To apply retrospective and consider perspectives around us can be hard but is important. Not to just figure how the others view affects us but to really consider their being apart from our own standpoint. To see through the eyes of another being and fathom their reality as deep as possible. I have begun struggling to retaliate any mistreatment when I started understanding. Apathy does not resolve any form of oppression or bullying though. Holding out a mirror and support the other in recognizing themselves in it does. At least with adults that are willing to see themselves. Children or immature minds residing in adult bodies need to learn about consequences. While it sounds harsh but pain is a great teacher and social isolation leaves no choice but to question oneself. To socialize and partake in interaction with other humans is a basic need. A

extremely fatal mistake I have witnessed unfold many times is to put together people with the same problematic behaviour. Of course they connect to another and accelerate. At some point my school came up with the solution to place every problem-child into one class to grant everyone else a learning environment without their disturbance and aggression. While that did solve the problem they brought to the rest, they themselves could unify out of that position. One of my friends I know since early childhood, who had a similar but arguable even worse upbringing than me, was placed in that class. He dropped out of school at grade 8 and soon his social circle would lead him into a methamphetamine addiction that he escaped a couple of years ago. We were not really close after elementary school since I quickly distanced myself from him and his social circle as it began to grow as badly as it did. We do talk nowadays, still playing WoW together sometimes. It saddens me to notice that he used to have more wit close to me back when we were little and grew with healthy competitiveness. He was always the more athletic and social one which would encourage me. The constant war going on at his home with his stepfather, control and belittling robbed him of his potential that he most certainly used to have. Now only as a fracture of what he could have become after years of drug abuse. Still he remains my friend. He always had a good heart and that deserves to be held sacredly. While I am writing this I experience my vision zoning, everything appears smaller but I can grasp their details much better than normal. It happened last night to in the process. I only remember this happening frequently in earlier childhood before I knew much emotional trauma. I get the urge to cry as I realize this. It is accompanied with a beautiful state of mental clarity, unclouded. I thought to have lost this ability before I could understand it. A little bit of research assures me of my assumption that this is a state of flow. How delightful to be able to experience it again. How much more of myself have I lost? And can I find it again? Optimism would suggest yes but I am yet too afraid to hope. As I reveal the truest face solace finds me. Rain has always been bliss to my soul, the refreshing air and sound of each drop splashing on my window soothes me. My best sleep I find during thunderstorms and where my mind usually rambles and thought appears with uncatchable speed, listening to natures cycle is certainly meditative. I have always been rather sensitive, to physical pain and emotionally. I could train my fingertips to hold and carry hot objects by ignoring the mental reaction that occurs to the pain effectively. I did the same with my emotions very early on in life. But unlike the physical pain the emotions don't disappear after the source is removed but bottle up until they over float and erupt. Like any other form of energy emotions need to move cannot do otherwise. When they manifest and become blocked they stir, disrupting the flow and sucking in what is around. To see something for what it is outside of the definitions and attributes we use to explain it, thinking outside the frameworks it has been put in, is a skill that's easily thrown away. It is so easy and lazy to just accept “knowledge” as facts and never attempt to shine light from a different angle on it. Something that should be trained in schools but we tend to avoid trying. A lot that do end up convincing themselves of just about any idea that seems feasible and think to be onto something. Critically thinking and then critically questioning these ideas before looking for functionality as proof appears to be a missed step by many. It is very amusing learning about conspiracy's until we end up in a room with someone that believes them while they have less actual proof than what they are trying to oppose. Scratching the surface and believing there is now a hole. Ignorance is bliss, looking down on others grants the illusion of being higher up. Spending most of my time by looking for different perspectives, critically assessing everything I could have just accepted as fact, digging deeper until I could not find the ground any more, had me feeling lost more often I could count. Lost within that deep desire to fully grasp what I could feel is there but not see or grab. But circling around the same thoughts and manically trying to find something new leads only to insanity. False and immature assumptions often originate by abruptly jumping out of that circle, out of fear. Admitting an idea was nothing but a spark that appeared to be bright because the surrounding was dark is a impossible task for those that never learned that they can be just as wrong as anyone else. Absolutely no acquisition of skill ever comes without any mistake. How would you not make a mistake if you just started to learn? I am just as terrified of failure than those who could never admit it even to themselves, actually especially not to themselves I think. But I would never try to convince myself or anyone around,

well never is definitely a lie but I can say assured that I have been eager to catch myself. Where was I going with this? Right, to accept that the entanglement of information runs through everything that came before and separate it might not be such an easy task. But it is not impossible to seclude and gather the fitting puzzle pieces. Building a tower starts at the foundation and becomes increasingly complex the higher it goes. I am almost certain that the seemingly unsolvable reveals its simplicity when we realize that building higher up won't let us understand the foundation it stands on. We think that our stack of information is absolute knowledge only because it has functionality within the framework of our perspective. To even attempt rethinking a concept that has been agreed upon as true by the collective needs courage. Which is often found in those incapable of fulfilling the task. So it becomes even more daring for some that may or may not find the better angle. The automatic judgemental thoughts that intrusively manipulate our perception often go undetected and never caught. While it is of crucial importance for the creatures survival to receive information and transform it into personal reality, it poisons the mind and robs it of liberty. Beauty is seen different by everyone and so is its opposite. Personal preference clouds the truth that nothing ugly or beauty truly exists. There is only energy, information is neutral until received. A creature consuming another is absorbing its energy and within the feasible possibility that it all stems from the same source, it is absorbing itself. The cruelty we attribute to it comes from fear, terrified of a excruciating experience. Terrified to lose a perspective that continues to gather experience. If consciousness means the universe experiencing itself and gathering all of that into one. Then it becomes perfectly logical to have many different being with different levels of sentience. To think that we are above any other being because of our intelligence is basically species-ism. I can very certainly tell that my cat I live with feels emotion and is even capable of empathy, understanding mine. While I am guilty to cut off her freedom by forcing her to live with me in this small flat and often find myself displaying superiority, I make sure she has her basic needs met. Is it moral though? At this point I would not make her a favour by leaving her without me as she as grown very attached to me. Always following me around and even applying the fact that I am often easily agitated. Making a play out of provoking me just so she can run away to immediately come out again if I don't attempt to chase her. I guess I could give her more attention but I don't know much better intuitively than to react how I was often reacted to when seeking attention. While I confront that impulse and manage to choose a different behaviour than this inner force automatically initiates, I also still often fail. But it is a form of training myself and I have become much better already after one year of her living with me. I often self-loathed about reacting so moronically but she always follows me into bed, not just at night, and always makes sure I am protected while I sleep after snuggling up in my arm. Changing the side of the bed whenever I turn, which I often do many times before finding sleep. I guess she has no issue in forgiving my imperfections as she displays her deep trust constantly the way cats do. I have disliked zoos for about a decade now, some animals should never be held in cages. The argument of a big space seems very ignorant. A bird designed in its nature to have access to the skies can only fly the same circles so often. A snow leopard that by design hides and ambushes has to endure thousands of eyes every day. That is thoroughly immoral and cruel. Many animals experience no big difference though, sloths and koalas for example can sit undisturbed in their trees and have their best life's as long as they have something to climb and feast on. Sure these sentient beings don't fathom moral concepts and thought like we do. But their sentience, ability for emotions and undeniable form of experiencing perspective makes us selfish in imprisoning them. Which is the opinion of subjective perspective, what my heart says. Simple enough it can also be seen as us creating a different experience to gain for that perspective. Where nothing truly bad or good is. I receive the neutral information and by my own experience, longing for freedom, it is transformed into a negative after it is perceived. Absoluteness is a rigid concept in world where everything is constantly changing and evolving. While something in the moment exists as it is, short-sightedness is followed by the believe it will stay this way. We may think that it takes a very long time, for example, evolutional changes to manifest but time is relative and its perception bound to our perspective. Time allows a in between to exist and limits the rate at which potential unfolds. Provides the possibility for consciousness to

experience and take part. Creativity unfolds when it is needed to unfold, when it serves functionality. Creation is necessary for energy to move and consciousness to experience. Consciousness makes it possible for energy to move outside its intrinsic rules so it may or may not be the result of its own evolution after all. To ask why energy itself exists and where it sources from may be futile or simply the wrong question. Since it does exist and perhaps originates from beyond the physical reality where time and space are not even present. The chain of origin might even circle infinitely. With no beginning or end, it simply exists and always has been. Which is hardly fathomable to our minds but we should not forget that our ability to comprehend can still grow. And someday we might grasp this concept if its true. A spiral on the other hand can also circle indefinitely while expanding its outer form and growing smaller the deeper it goes. Which would have a beginning but not necessarily an end. Now lets stop boring anyone with these useless ideas for now and continue my pathetic attempt to access closure with the world. I have talked a lot about the relativity of perspective and some concepts like good or bad don't truly exist. They don't, in the absence of perspective. But perspective exists, billions in fact. The existence of consciousness births these concepts into reality. The separation of our judgements makes it so hard to agree upon certain things. We already agree upon certain morals that have become so intrinsically basic that only a few even manage to act against them. But to ask which side of the spectrum we should agree on won't actually lead to happening. A balanced compromise might. But for that to take form opposing factions must overcome conflict. Because only together they can craft that compromise which will lead to a desirable outcome for both or rather all. Manipulation and deceive is always going to be a factor. Hence why practically it is not as easy done as said. But when the factions actually try to understand the other outside of their own zone and I mean truly empathically understand without scheming how to win where nothing will be won. By showing each other our faults while also being open to that exposure and vulnerability we can all grow and better our ways. Still lingers the danger of gaslighting and personal elevation. At the core we share a common goal but these idealistic and thousands of years old ideas won't ever find practical functionality before we realize how futile egoism is. To selfishly take advantage of each other is the same as spitting on a mirror while looking oneself directly into the eyes. It is the accumulation of all our efforts and ideas that has brought us this far. Even the most simple task has as much importance to be fulfilled than that of higher challenge. Every second of lifetime has the same value among all beings in my opinion. Since every individual experience of perspective is completely unique and unrepeatable. Even when it is objectively nearly the same, it differs in subjectivity. We all carry the potential for good and evil within us and can find a purpose for each. I like the illusion of randomness, intriguing and almost unfathomable. But everything that can possibly occur will if given enough time by Murphys law. Without time at all either nothing would happen or everything at once and no idea of randomness exists. So it is not how but when. If its possible for all of humanity to life alongside in peace it will happen someday unless we are not given enough time. One thing leads to another and in most seemingly random cases it is the collection of everything else that happened before, even if they appear completely unrelated, that creates another. The unfathomable amount of factors that can't easily be associated to each other by logic create this sweet illusion. Consciousness has the unique ability to create and guide history. I am actively not choosing the word control as it expresses totality and we are still bound to the moods of humanity. And until any other being with the ability to read crosses our perception I can say we are all human. To overcome our nature would mean to wrestle for control and put shackles on the creatures we embody. That won't lead to a experience worthwhile and I can't bring myself to imagine any positive outcome. But a symbiotic relationship that is in principle already given by physical reality can be achieved and brings our nature closer to impractical ideals. I am aware that many might not see where I am coming from but my inner disconnect mainly stems from the idealistic theories of what I should be and do opposed to the nature of my being. Forcing these ideas onto myself as I could not see why that was wrong gravely wounded that symbiosis. Outright condemning the flaws that accompany being human without understanding them first. Not accepting that there are limits I simply cannot breach. Hating myself because I can never be good enough when perfection is an aspiration. Always wishing for more

without ever stepping back and appreciating what I already am. Envious of the birds soaring in the sky while never imagining what life would be like without hands. Cursing the awareness of all that is missing and not acknowledging what is already there. In a way it is not me that was always unseen just by others but even more so by myself. To think these pages are a an act of posturing, that I think myself right about what I think, assures me that you are not one to judge. There is a good reason why not just anyone can be a judge of our justice system. And this we have invented ourselves. The mind is yet to be fully figured out as well as many of the mysteries that shroud our reality. The answers to these questions cannot be found in a students book, yet. And maybe the foundation that we build on is not the true foundation of that big picture but rather its middle part. Going linearly into the same direction as everyone that came before and could not find what is missing and expect to achieve different is by insanity by definition. So are we right to think that the academical way will sooner or later unravel everything? I am not saying I would not be well advised to catch up on the fundamentals that form what we already build. But they mostly serve me as anchor-points to find contradictions within some of the more creative ideas. And I would love the service of someone showing me whenever there is one so I would not have to spend time and energy researching. There is not one way to be right as the source of all factors trickle into one, endlessly repeating. How many last words does someone need you may ask. But the quantity is meaningless and I could just express a few words of kindness towards my family. Be gone without having my thoughts roam as they I can only see their worthlessness. But if that assessment was true I would not bother to hang on and release them anyway. Or maybe it is true and I just don't know any better to express this constant push and pull between wrong and right. My willingness to perish has been diminishing to be honest as I find solace in the fact that there was always a way to speak freely. But in direct conversation I am often paralysed to explain the contradictions I am aware of. Unable to really tell all that shoots through my head, while seeing through the other's eyes my own vision becomes blurry. The timing to speak gets lost as I cannot say multiple sentences at once, so none come out. The only thing I can resort to is admitting that I don't know anything as my mind goes blank when overwhelmed. Too many tasks at once result in the completion of none. What too many means depends on the capabilities and I struggle to discipline myself according to my limits. Just like I struggle to focus on anything that does not evoke the fires of passion. Yet it is also one of my greatest strengths as I automatically zone out everything else besides the dance with that flame. I cannot follow the routes society provides and am in no position to really craft my own. So it is apparent to step away. The end of my endeavour comes closes with each word I bring myself to write. Each breath counts down to the last. The beginning and end tuck from both sides and just won't find equal strength to have me peacefully experience what is between them. As the past gathers strength for abrupt pulls the future becomes fed up and prepares his final exercise. My flesh is sore from all of that after this time, involuntarily resisting to stay in this moment as I am bound by time. If I find myself beyond this physical world I will surely begin to miss the warmth of sunlight on my skin. The seemingly, but not actual, endless blue sky's. The laughter of those I held dear in my ears. The touch of another human and even that of my cats soft fur. The smell of fresh baked goods in the morning and perhaps even that of sweat after hard work. Cooling winds on a heated summer day and dreaming of all the possibilities that I could not bring myself to realize. But maybe there will be all that and even more. Without the contradicting doubts, free from the shadows of the past. Fight or flight is a choice made by instinct and although my mind chooses flight my instincts are fighting here, right now. I am pulling at myself because I want to leave but the stubborn child still wants to go on all the rides it is too small for. I ask myself why I was here to begin with but it was never about me. I came here for the child to experience but what is the point to stay without any food or water left and no money to stock up. No relieve from the burning heat and constantly stuck in crowds that drown my senses. Screaming, skipping lines, pushing each other out of the way instead of peacefully enjoying the ride we all came here for. If this trip taught me anything then it is that if you don't put yourself first then nobody will. And I never learned how to properly do that. I enjoy the bliss of others until they abuse my vulnerability and take everything that I still needed for myself. I cease to be able to give when I am out of resources that allow me to

restock. What a great experience everyone could have if some could discipline their greed. If there is something to get you can be sure someone will go out and try to get it. Even if it dries the well inevitably, the last one to drink will be glad that they were not too late. That they received without having to give. Every kind of relationship is transactional even that of love, a give and take. But we always look for bargains and attempt taking more than we need to give. The imbalance echoes through the future as it always seeks to restore itself. If one gave more than he received he has no choice but to take more than he can give later. The cycle repeats and can only be broken by going into reverse. Which opens up the danger of creating the same again if not stopped at the right time. I am not broken but rather bended and twisted. Robbed myself of the freedom to be just human and gave back guilt. Lost what I took and had the guilt thrown back at me, stuck with it before I can find what I stole so the exchange can be reversed fully. I can't say it is not a justified punishment for the crime and simply not knowing better does not even work within our laws. I beg for mercy after appealing it wouldn't be answered. I brought this upon myself by foolishly thinking I could and should be more. Reaching for all that is too far away, ignoring what is in front me. Ungrateful towards that what's given, always longing for what I can't have. Blind to my already full hands. And while they appear empty to me I desperately try to fill the void. Regularly bathing in the pool of idiocracy while mocking anyone who even steps close. If I at least could find the Ignorance to spare myself of that awareness, I think while showcasing that exact ignorance. Aware of unawareness, seeing the blind in the mirror. There is no logic behind it until time reveals the concept of one moment after another. Everything cannot exist at once within the frame of our comprehension. Without that concept everything is always all and nothing while being neither. But none of that has any functionality for us, it is meaningless. Outside the frame of human or any observation meaning might not even exist. Why even think about that if it does not serve us anything? Because to understand our perceptions illusion and how they build up, we dive towards the foundation. Between the extremes of everything and nothingness we find ourselves. And as I am saying so much without actually saying anything, you may look for what is in between. Totality can only exist without the flow of time and we certainly experience that flow existing. No one is just brilliant or stupid. While brilliance shines bright it only causes a total appearance, hiding what can only perceived in its absence. Every extreme of the spectrum stands out in the moment since all that is in between is experienced by everyone all the time. It is much more memorable. But there is a strong tendency that attracts either as well as potential for each part of the spectrum. Potential itself needs time and space to develop and unfold. So we could think that before time and space there was potential. Potential that we experience unfold and are direct pieces off. While I can only observe what is within my limits of perception, I can also imagine. Actively and also intuitively, like some thoughts that occur when we stop trying and looking. I sometimes find imagery that I cannot remember having ever seen nor could I describe them. But I can tell about some of the similarities that I can see even if they are yet another mirage. The effects of a position in power and being in love with a other seem very close. Both make us blind to the negatives of that relationship and throw away principles that we held close before. Power is infatuating and we can hardly imagine it betraying us. It draws us in and we all long for even a glimpse of it. Feeling powerless leads to the same self-destruction that feeling unlovable imposes. I even suspect neuroscience to be able to find great similarities if not the same effect on the brain. As I am certain that power seduces one and makes us blindly fall in love with it. With a loving relationship as well as possession of power comes great responsibility and only those who can realize that at all are able to hold both. Both can easily be abused, even accidental, which leads to loss when the abused realizes that they are the source at which the abuser draws. Climate change has been at the forefront of media for some time now and it is not wrong that we partake in it. But we are not the cause as we are actually still within an ice age. While we might accelerate this change, we won't destroy the planet. The planet will survive us, we are just taking our own time away to adapt in the future. Which is very problematic for us and every species that exists today. But life itself will prevail with or without us. At least until our sun dies, taking the entire solar system with it. When it comes to just our lifetime there is no reason to worry about any of that but humans in the future will most certainly beg to differ if there

is no change in course. If there are even any humans left by then. Momentary gain paid with loss of tomorrow. In principle the same habit as poisoning ourselves with, for example, alcohol or choosing the better tasting but unhealthy foods. Like children that cannot fully grasp the effects of their actions or environment in general affecting them later in life. Perhaps we realize that our origins are undeniably related to the environment of the earth being, more or less, ideal for us to emerge in the first place. So a great change that seems inevitable should terrify us as a whole. While, again, none of us today will know that environment. Either we figure out a way to keep things ideal for us or force the humans in the future to adapt. A lot of what we are building today will fall to uselessness as terrestrial space diminishes with rising sea levels. Conflict might be forever unavoidable as it appears to be within our nature. So when everything that can happen unless excluded by natures laws of reality and will, ultimate peace among us all could simply be impossible. A very saddening thought, especially considering how many more challenges will await us as whole. But that nature might adapt, which it will when it must. For now we thrive, mostly I think. Thriving is not too well known to me since environment provides that state. I can hardly say that the systems I am forced to participate in work for me at all. I guess it is a way of adaptation that I'd have to go through in order to survive. Many people similar to my kind have probably realized that too. Are we facing an extinction event within our species? Maybe that is the case. Reducing the number of some kind of people that may or may not be our sensitive and deep thinkers. Equality for all doesn't mean that everyone has to be the same and while individuality seemingly increases, the number of specific groups does as well. Being different has become a trend while ironically enough it exposes indifference within the mass. To be seen as special doesn't mean anything. Everybody is special and unique at their baseline of being. Most are just closer to the average, hence why it is the average. But everyone has their unique constellation of blessings and curses. I may have some level of introspection and can empathically understand others but lack social competence. I may develop muscle memory quite quickly but my motor skills are rather crude. I mentioned these examples earlier I believe but those are points I can say assured by myself. I have seen my oldest brother bend things out of shape into pretty much perfect alignment again and I could not imagine doing that myself. Which is a ability that most would never come to see of him or even have the awareness to perceive. Find your own strengths if you want to know in which ways you are special but also pay close attention to your own shortcomings. Don't build up the ego by only seeing the positives. By observation I believe there is a meticulous balance present within all beings. Hence why we are created equally. To think someone else greater or inferior is only judging from one perspective. I may repeat that statement a couple times more as it is very important to understand, which might need different angles for different people. Somewhere about 10.000 words ago my mental narrative shifted. As I meant to give up and pour down all the reasons why, the oppositions stopped hiding. All the reasons why not crawled up and speak to me now as I gained hope to find a form of meaning. While I don't think there is much or even anything to be found in these pages that cannot be found anywhere else, my words might still reach someone. Even if it is just one person that can relate and shares a similar experience without the ability to express it as I do. I might create a place for myself in this world. Still plagued with doubt though, terrified of judgement as I expose myself. But I think I am growing by choosing the courage to be vulnerable. I can already see and hear everyone that has not read carefully enough to face me with ignorance. Maybe I have suffered long enough and had to face it directly. Perhaps there is still more to this life than obscurity. I might even accept ordinary as I eventually mature. I don't even want fame in any form, I value the peace of solitude. I appreciate being unbothered but real human connection cannot be missed for too long. While I begin to be terrified of revealing my person and thoughts to the public, I can appreciate death as an open door. Would anyone care at all? Or too many too much? Reality will most likely be something in the middle. The possibility that I spiral back into deep depression again in the process of writing this is still present too. But if you are still here reading this, thank you for taking interest in this journey and we both shall find out how it evolves. While I have noticed that shift earlier already, I continued to portray the initial narrative. Or at least actively attempted. Which I want to apologize for since it that is missing the point and purpose of what I intended to do. Unfiltered

thought without the fear of judgement or how it may be perceived. And I am guilty of filtering a little, I guess that explains why it has become harder to express myself throughout since. But with that awareness in mind, I may pour freely again. Since I have started to see some light while writing this, I am also manifesting the coward within me much more. He was almost absent in my most depressive phases since I did not care about anything. While,right now that I do I fear the most. This anxiety often drives me into depression where I can experience its absence as cockiness. I won't read again anything I have written so far as I have already stated. But now for other reasons. Not that I do not care any more, but because I do. And because I care I know I won't like many things I expressed and how I did it. I am sure I have made numerous mistakes placing comma's but for the sake of ignoring that cowardly perfectionist these mistakes will remain unedited. At least by me, after sending this off there may be someone to do that work. I won't ask for a monetary cut from any publisher. All I want is to have it released so I may find peace no matter who sees. Before returning to continue, I failed falling asleep as I often do. Plagued within the awareness that there is nothing extraordinary I am doing here while it feels like that to me. And just closing my eyes also never worked. But I found a interesting similarity with the flow state I recently got to experience with awareness again. Some lucid dreaming experiences had me wake up in between for who knows what reasons and sometimes I managed to fall right back into that same dream immediately. Even remembering the moment before re-entering I can report the observation of that same sensation my eyes get when within flow. In dream my mind possesses the same clarity as within flow. Undisturbed by thoughts that seem to just occur without my consciousness evoking them. Which gives me the notion of believe that conscious thought and those of brain function are in fact something separate. Of course I can't know that for sure but I find it intriguing to observe such a match. The question may occur to someone why I am gaining any kind of hope writing this, what can I gain that might alter my decision if it is not money that I seek to earn. I cannot take spending any time and energy towards a career path or choice that I don't care about at all just to take afloat any longer. The only thing I want to occupy my time with honestly is to wonder about mysteries that remain unsolved. My greatest passion since I was little and a calling I don't want to ignore just to fit into societal expectations. I tried but I just can't get truly behind anything else. So I may be recognized and found by the right person as I find myself completely cut off from the possibility since the academic, conventional, way destroys my soul. I can understand if the pride of studying a long time and my lack of already collected knowledge prevents that from ever happening. But if it was not for my will to write this and express myself I may still be looking at the veins in my wrist everyday or already shattered at the bottom of a cliff. And if my potential is simply not enough then so be it. I may be too ill to accept realism any more but at least it explains why I fell. All I ever had is this passionate curiosity and I am willing to die for it before giving it up. Yes there is no way to truly be sure that I do have a place there. That I would belong among the brilliant but as the fire rages to say what I never could but always thought I may as well have my chest out while doing so. I won't go into hiding again as I may experience my last months breathing. Even if I was delusional, my truth has been told. And with that in my mind I shall continue to speak my mind not just as if they are my last since they might are. May history be kind to my soul. While I should sleep and get rest, foresight prevents me from even attempting again. The morning dawns and I am terrified of what I just declared but still aware of wanting to say it. I have been dismissed enough to see what will await me from one angle or another. While the coward speaks, the fire turns to ember. On the bright side: I might find more fuel in the darkness that follows. The freedom of an inactive filter. While filtering slows down the process, managing to ignore this habit is even more exhausting. But at least I could actually attempt to sleep soon. I enjoy the birds singing while falling asleep. I also have gotten used to it. Saying this is all I ever had is a little extreme and definitely not the entire truth, it is subjective perspective that made me express it that way though. While standing up for myself, in the rare cases I managed, has been rewarding in the past. I wake this morning with regret and anxiety. So strong that I find myself back in a state of despair. What use does all of that awareness have without being able to change it? Or is that in itself a skill I lack? Perhaps I could learn to be unaffected by the tides of my emotions somehow and surf them without falling off. With

that being said I want to explain a statement I took multiple times and explain it further. My ability to socialize is not necessarily weak in the moment I do. But without knowing someone at all and experience of interaction of that person, I find it extremely hard. I am good at adapting to the people around me. Once I know about their manner of speech, world view, experiences, emotional attributes and behavioural habits. I guess as long as there is predictability the anxiety to interact does not come up. A sense of control that I rarely can give up. So within that I am even quite decent at the interaction and opening up myself. But I feel inauthentic most of the time and thus tire out quickly. Being too careful seems so unnecessary as it won't matter much even throughout my lifetime and especially not after. I can easily make fun of myself and wouldn't say I take my entire person that seriously. But I am highly aware of the seemingly invisible impact of even the most minor exchanges. Again, I think it is mostly that lack of sense for control which I rationally don't take as something I should even have. Which is just another internal conflict that I cannot seem to solve as I find it hard to compromise. Although it seems obvious to find the middle ground in moderate control instead of either extreme. Like the perception of meaningless existence occurs when I look too much for it. When will I find myself able to apply that there is rarely a either but mostly everything in the middle. It haunts me to understand it but still stay ignorant. I guess it is one of the many habits that the ADHD brain is riddled. The recently sparked debate whether Pluto collides into Neptune is somewhat interesting. If by current calculations based on the knowledge we have it does but never has before it appears as proof that we are yet to be correct about what we think to know. There seems to be a very meticulous balance present within this or probably also other solar systems. There may be numerous factors we have not discovered yet that all play into that balance. Even if some can be accounted as a minority, they complete the big picture and its functionality. Even if just one of the many moons around Jupiter was missing the entire system might collapse. But we are yet to find out and unravel all the details I assume. I find it very hard to believe that there is no negative equivalent to protons and neutrons. Maybe that discovery one day leads to unravelling gravity as a mystery. A guess of mine would be to attempt negatively charging a neutron since neutral energies are able to become either. While electrons with their negative charge seem to fulfil this triplet already, it has his own counterpart as well. So just by electromagnetic logic a oppositely composed atom might be the key to attract matter like gravity does. But that is highly theoretical and creativity driven where I don't even know if such a thing has been attempted or explored already. I can at least comfort myself that there is no great importance in just another one guessing. Someone else will be able to accomplish what I can only dream of. So no matter how my path ends and when, there will be nothing left to wonder about someday. Unless new questions keep coming up since the more we know the more we realize how little we actually know. And I know far too little to trust myself with anything. I don't seek importance in recognition, I can appreciate not carrying responsibility. I am already crushed by all I should ignore. Create my own path instead of feeling so entitled to have it paved. Acquire or create the tools do so instead of crying about the fact that I can't find any. But the comforting excuse I can find to hide in this hole is so convenient. I'd have to push myself beyond, dig further down the hole instead of desperately reaching for the glimpse that looms somewhere above out of range. I can only keep so many war fronts at peace. As soon as one leaves my intention another rages again. I see how trying less is effective. Yet I try too much and too little at the same time. I just can't find a balance no matter how often I adjust and attempt again. After that short uprising recently, I am falling again. The cycle moving faster could mean its shrinking. Usually I find myself in despair or upbeat for longer. Today my heart aches as I don't see any hope to feel real love.

I used to have hope to find someone that sees through my disguise but I cannot blame anyone but myself. How can I expect to find true connection when I reject myself on so many levels. The few people who do care and ask about my wellbeing receive the common lie. I don't want pity, I don't want care just because I am almost drowned. To be left by myself again as soon as I catch a little breath. I totally understand that everyone is just as busy with themselves and their life's. I don't feel right taking away any ones resources for myself. I want to elevate other, not drag them down with me. But I am disappointed. By those that should know me well enough to have the foresight for this

outcome. I have opened the door and send invitations but people only seem to knock when it is closed. As soon as I want to let them in they turn around and leave. It becomes even more painful each time it occurs instead of less as I get used to it. The only thing I can do is to search for my faults while the real reasons might not even be related to me. I don't want anyone to feel bad but I think everyone should tread more carefully. Or not as caring this much is destroying me. I want to mention that I've been in several relationships in the past and I don't see a problem in getting into another. But none of that ever happened without the masks and I rarely felt treated the way I should. Maybe my expectations have been too high or I am blind and forgetful. As I slow down in this process I begin to wonder what else I want to say. It feels like there is so much more but I slowly find it hard to not repeat myself. Although these loops represent quite accurately the noise in my head. I am able to clear thoughts and let them pass without reacting but they rush through so fast that I forget to do so very often. And even when I do, the next always follows. I often feel shackled in the back of my own head, screaming to be freed. Especially when I am with other people. Even when I have the next sentence prepared, my mouth sometimes disobeys and says something else. Which I identified mostly as the ego taking over as it would fit with what came out. I can sense so much potential within me without access to it most of the time. Like my brain has not developed its parts equally and those that surpass the others get dragged down. Endlessly running away, from the world and especially myself. While trying to find my place and myself. Obviously fruitless but I do cannot find the control. Haunted from within, experiencing it all like a nightmare I cannot wake up from. Even when there is a feeling of emptiness in my head, the pressure just grows. I have tried and showed up, until I couldn't. I will inhale and breath, until I can't. I will eat and keep up the lie that I will be fine, until the truth reveals itself. Restless I long for sleep, tired I throw myself at work. I am doing everything wrong that I could, with full awareness but no power to intervene. I think I am starting to become delirious as I grab both sides and attempt forcing them together. Is it so much out of my nature to gain balance? What cruel experiment have I been made a specimen of? I guess the only fair answer is nature and evolution. I have stopped asking “Why me?” a long time ago, I wouldn't want anyone else in these shoes. And there are still many who have it objectively much worse. I can't deny that but it also does not help at all. Between anxiety and pain lies something valuable, I can see it but not reach or feel. I probably should take a break to find the rest of my words but I want this to be done, so I can go whenever before it overwhelms me. To assure myself that there is something to leave behind. So I may finish at least one thing fully. Even if I was heard and recognized for this potential. As soon as it would be put to test, I'd falter under the pressure. I can already see it. While terrified to experience the same kind of rejection again as well. Even in the middle of that I can only see bleakness. While these predictions are based on experience and I cannot know what I have never seen, I hardly believe my personal hell ever changes. I like Shakespeare's question from hamlet “To be or not to be” as I want to authentically be and am willing to choose death because I can't find a way while most seem to choose appearance and facade for survival within the mass. Which hypocritically is a extreme choice by myself while most seem to find that middle ground. While I advocate for balance, I am the most imbalanced. Constricted within contradictions and incapable of changing it but always aware. A funny joke by nature, I must admit. With so many people present there is no reason to not have some of them dysfunctional I guess. At least I got to experience such irony up close like that. And it makes it very apparent how reflection does not throw back just the same but rather opposites. I got to be a walking mirror, even reflecting myself within. Although I can find amusement in that I want to feel aligned with myself. But experiencing almost exclusively extremes and both ends instead of only being locked into one is extremely exhausting. How can I find a secure sense of self if I can witness these changes all the time? Only the masks provide stability but I am tired of wearing them. Maybe it is schizo-typicality after all and I have hid it so extremely well that nobody ever noticed. I am not in the position to diagnose and even when it came to it, there is too much speaking against it. Perhaps I can find purpose in bridging the extremes because I stand on both ends. After all I have found myself doing a great job at solving the conflicts of others by revealing each the others perspective. I do not embody either, but both. Intelligence and stupidity, wisdom and foolishness.

Maybe I was never made to choose a side but to close the gap between them. Even when I cannot to it within myself as it would take away that ability to serve our collective. Is this the hidden logic behind the paradox I have been wrestling with for so long? Maybe, just maybe, the is a place and purpose for myself after all. A functionality that I could not find before because it is not common to look for. Because I observe most taking either side and many steadily in between. While I was searching to find my place somewhere, I did not realize that I could be anywhere. Just not as fully as most. I may be unable to interest myself into specializing and grasp the full complexity of the fields. But I can offer simplicity where complexity is so focused on that creativity becomes rigid and can't properly flow. I may reveal the vast complexities to those that don't know about them. And I have been doing that already, I just did not realize it until now. My social circle for the longest time consisted out of highly intelligent academics and lesser educated while also a good number in between. Perhaps there is possibility for reason after all. I never belonged among the brilliant nor the idiotic, I belong in that in between. But not where average resides but where all parts of the spectrum may meet one day. At least there is meaning within the contradictions of my nature, I am yet to figure out how to exactly realize unity like that. But my vision of it finally begins to make sense as it might start with me. Responsibility to me is not just importance but an obligation if I am to carry it. Everything I say holds weight to me because I value truth and honesty. I don't make promises that I cannot hold because of the guilt that afflicts me through it. I may make mistakes and am flawed just like any other human being but I hold myself accountable and seek betterment instead of reasoning my way out. Maybe all that weight does hold purpose at some point but I am yet to mature. But maybe I will give myself the time to do so instead of escaping as I found meaning in the pain beyond the purpose of learning from it. I don't dare to say how that might work for anyone but at least I can see it now. I begin to feel guilty at the choice of suicide. Not for the pain I bring but for abandoning a world that is in need of unity, clarity and someone willing to question everything. I have dealt with a great amount of narcissists through these years already, I know their patterns and I know how deeply insecure they actually are. While they are excellent at confidently denying whatever they done in the past and easily catch peoples admiration with their excellent charisma. They sooner or later slip up and begin exploiting the allegiance they have formed prior. By demanding trust, portraying anyone as a villain who dares to oppose. They appear as great leaders but only really care for themselves. That position provides them though with what they want the most: Admiration, connecting with others by having them admire what they admire the most, themselves. Their inability to admit that they were wrong exposes them almost certainly sooner or later. Everybody makes mistakes as there is no perfect being or thing. At least if we only seek to look at one side of something, balance is necessary. So nothing can exist without flaws. If that is true by nature, then perfection lies disguised as imperfection. Mystical fantasies are wonderfully intriguing but everything out of the ordinary appears magical. A simple lighter a couple thousand years ago, or not even that far, would have made anyone a wizard. Yet through our perspective now it is as simple as can be. To us! I think it is important to not forget that every wonder and possibility that we can only imagine as magic may one day be scientifically explained and lose its extraordinary appearance. Hence why we should not mock those who dream out of our reality. Rather help them stay grounded within what is now without forcing them to give up their fantasies. Find ways to explain the difference between imagination and the real world. But in order to do that we have to first understand their imaginations, so they find understanding in what is real. It leads back to the same principle I already talked about. I always like fantasy worlds and often sunk deep into my own. It can be disappointing and hard to come back into reality just to long for something different. It can be dangerous if one is not thoroughly grounded and has every reason to seek something beyond real. Staying there is no option though, the body does not follow into imagination and being torn between both brings neither world fulfilment. We sadly have had many examples of humans that could not return fully and became trapped between both. I am aware how much I generalize, not just while writing this but mostly throughout my life. There is much admiration to give for those that specialize for something and earn their expertise. I am no such person, I like to find the core of things and move on to the next. I guess one of the biggest reasons I

struggle so much to find the right career path within today's world. Even the smartest will end up swallowing water while swimming in a sea they are not accustomed to. Especially if they are so sure of their intelligence to forgo the acknowledgement that things go deeper than they seem. I am aware that none of my ideas that might not even leave the scratch on the surface have much proper value. But they were present and I stopped filtering. I guess a fool that is aware of their foolishness is already wiser than those aware of their wisdom. Someone probably said something along these lines a long time ago. I would like to ask anyone with any assumptions towards my person what they see. Not that it matters to me or anyone but the child within still yearns for reflection. Truth can be bend in its appearance but not changed under the surface. I can hardly trust myself but there is purpose in that as I trust myself to be critical of everything and especially myself. I know only one thing: that I do not know anything. Recently I have been yearning to beat my fear of that pilgrimage I've been dreaming about for some time now. Going not just to another country but continent all on my own, by foot, without proper survival training or even the ability to read a map accordingly. But where will I learn things like these if not by needing them. If I make it or not is not that big of a question as I already made peace with failure. The moment I choose to die by my own hand and started writing this, the shackles loosened. I don't have to accept this feeling of captivity but I have to sacrifice the safety that comes with it. I cannot have it all and I won't but that is okay. Even if I succumb in a more horrid way I can imagine, it will be worth it. There will be moments I want to give up and turn back. There will be days, weeks and probably even months where all of this now charms me towards returning. Yet I want to try and find out what is on the other end of the spectrum. I already feel alone, even in a room full of people. So I assume it won't change much when there is nothing but trees. After all the greatest fear will be to not be alone as I walk further away from civilisation. Will I end up a meal, succumb to hypothermia or run out of resources. The unknown thrills me more than it scares me. Maybe I even make the mistake of scaring a snake accidentally and suffer until its venom releases me. Maybe I am crazy thinking about this but it is just as possible that I will be making the right choice. So I can mature and grow since I am defiant to adapt to the cage. I still don't feel like everything that wants to be said has surfaced, so there is still time and possibility for everything before I finish writing this rather long farewell letter. There is a good point to be made that this kind of path is yet another extreme. But I see it has a way to balance my previous life. From one extreme to another, so I may get to know both. Not to choose but to find a compromise. Perhaps I return one day as the person I always felt I should be but never believed I could become. Not out of humility to be honest but rather because of crippling doubt. If I fail survival or simply succumb to the weight of my own mind, there is still this that I left behind. I'd like to leave a message for myself, not conveniently at the beginning or end but right here somewhere in the middle. If you do return: Thank you for not giving up on yourself, I hope it was worth it. I hope you found what we were missing and I hope it found you. As a generalist by nature forced to specialize I don't see another option but to look elsewhere. Somewhere where truth is not decorated and bend to fit a narrative but held sacred to create the narrative. Where change is not enforced but experienced. If I'll ever find what I am looking for I cannot say. I have to unlearn searching first, so it can find me. Somewhere between blindness and clear sight. I am no teacher and definitely in no position to do so as I am failing at my own ideals. But for everyone that feels lost the way I do most of the time I'll do my best to leave a message as well. Nobody but you can reveal who you truly are, don't ask the image in the mirror who that is. Be brave enough to stand in front of the inner mirror and accept what you see without trying to bend it. Step by step and most importantly consistently you may change it. What you see is no absolute outcome, so check up on that reflection regularly. Treat those around you not just how you want to be treated but appropriately. Assessing that is not easy but before you have any reason not to, approach with respect and kindness. Not everyone is who they make you think they are and not everyone is hiding something out of maliciousness. Keep yourself safe but also open for experience. The other side of the coin is not invisible just because you are currently not looking at it. Teach yourself, not others unless they ask you to. But keep an eye on your resources before you run out. Don't assume something on the basis what you know, look for what you might be missing. And last but not least:

If you are that kind person who plays loud music in public or turn up your speakers so loud on a Monday evening, like today, get some headphones! Nobody signed up to your own personal rave but we all pay rent here, you don't own the place. If I was not as socially anxious as I am and had less control and awareness of my anger I would look for opportunities to drag something heavy and blunt through your face. And if it was not obvious enough this goes primarily to my neighbour but to anyone else this inconsiderate of others: You might not be as lucky as him. As there are many others with the same intensity of emotions, especially anger, that are not held back by my reasons and too short-sighted to think of the consequences. Walls can be thin and I would never expect to not hear anything at all from anyone as I am sure that my impulsive moments playing and messing up in a competitive game as brought annoyance too. But there is a certain line of respect that should simply not be crossed. Any ways, violence is obviously not a solution. It just creates an endless loop of retaliation even without a justice system taking care of punishment. There is only one scenario where physically harming someone results in a positive outcome and that is when applied in defence. A predator has to always consider the risks of aggression and will leave you alone if that risk is too high. Look at it this way: Let's say a big cat is hunting down prey but the prey has hooves and lands a kick that completely demolishes the cats jaws. The cat is now unable to effectively hunt and even eat. The cat fails survival because it was too reckless and its confidence in superiority leads to fall. Not fighting back at all because the cat is clearly going to win results in the cat eating freely. Think of this if you are ever faced by a bully. That does not have to do anything with physical violence. If the hoofed prey was smart enough and knew exactly where to hit to punish its aggressor, it has a much higher chance of survival. Know where and when to hit. Make yourself a hard and risky target. Not because you should retaliate harder than you have been hit. But because you can predict and set traps. I do not advocate for violence at all and I don't believe retaliation is always the answer. But if someone spits in your face it is important to have them regret it later or sooner. Otherwise they will continue even if they find new targets and leave you alone. Figure out why you are the victim and why they are the bullies. Again the first step is to know yourself as well as the opposition. From there you might find the most desirable path of action and results. And if you are wondering what I did to signal my neighbour that his music is way too loud. I did not go over and knock on his door to berate or threaten him as my anger would have wished. I banged a dumbbell against the wall and he did turn down his music but that also does not always work. While the pettiness within me suggests to do that sometime during the night again to retaliate, I find it very pointless as it would only provoke him and create a loop. Also all the other neighbours do not deserve to hear that too. Sure I won't stay at this place that much longer but I rather consider the others around instead of feeding that petty ego. But I want to close this for now since my attention shifts towards a important decision. If I do end up embarking on that journey, should I let my family know? While the obvious answer seems yes since I don't want them get a wrong idea, they might get it anyway. I also don't want to argue about that choice. I could straight up tell them that my very close second best choice would be to end it all. I am afraid to not receive any kind of support again and just be called crazy. I don't need another seed of doubt plaguing me. I could just leave a note but that again would spark more negative ideas. At least that is what I assume. Perhaps I also need to face it all and stand my ground. The first step to freedom might just be to reject what they want me to do. And not just behind the mask while keeping up the appearance that I think they are right. But truly show up for myself. That might be hard or even pretty much impossible. Would they sabotage me? I generally mistrust pretty much everything but I guess it is showing where that sources from. May I find the determination to do what is right and chose myself after all this time. I don't need to hear them advocate for safety, I am already highly aware of the dangers. And if they try to keep me here with guilt I have another reason to leave. If they want to offer me other options or try to make me doubt my sanity or even all of the above. I pile up more reasons that should encourage me as long as I can trust myself enough. Which is extremely hard for me I know but I have to do it that time or I might never be able to. I could also just vanish and go missing as if I did chose the bottom of a cliff. But that would leave me with endless regrets and the notion that I was running away instead of taking a path with will. I guess I will have that talk but I'll see what the near future shows

me. So I will leave it at that for now. Lets change the subject entirely like my mind loves to do all the time. A while ago I had the idea that religions and the idea of a god might resulted from humans first recognizing their verbal thoughts. But not as their own so they figured it must be deity speaking to them. Most moral values that derive from there are similar if not equal all around the world. And these are things that a healthy, normal, human being intrinsically understands. Like not killing another or that kindness is a positive thing. The first that spoke for that god might have been the first to discover that inner voice as they are seen as some of the more intelligent at that time. Some of the more extreme views, or rules I guess, might even have come from personal bias. So what they thought was the voice of god, or a god, was actually just their own inner self. Obviously that is just a rather entertaining idea but there could be little bit of truth to it. If some religious people feel offended by this, don't worry it means that god was always within us but so is the devil. The Maya's worshipped the sun as a god because they realized that there would be no life without it, only darkness and cold. Appeasing that god as they were reliant on it being there. Night was already proof that this could change. They didn't know everything we know now. Just like we don't know what will be revealed in the future. Even when the sun returned every morning I don't think they had any real assurance of it. Sacrifice rituals as a way of ensuring that might seem mad to our perspective but fearing to lose what gave them life had great power over them. Nothing really ever has power over us unless we think it does. One of the greatest illusions cast over society is that of power. Others only have it when we think they do and the same goes for our inner self. But there are reasons for some to have more power than others right? Ask yourself if it was given or seized. As I mentioned much earlier, most people in those positions were attracted by it. Not for the selfless act of carrying responsibility but to control and gain. Someone knowing the weight of responsibility rarely seeks it out for themselves but is found by it. Carrying it because they have to, not because they wanted it. Someone pure, looking out for the greater good of many also rarely lies. Yet most in these positions are often caught being incredibly well at denying the truth and creating false narratives. Deflecting from their faults by creating new problems that they can now solve to regain trust. Someday that strategy hopefully stops working. Not because leadership is unnecessary, I think it is tremendously important. But because we will slowly but surely be able to tell apart the bad and good leaders. The good are much harder to find though while the bad are the first to step up. History is already really interesting and it will probably just get better. I am not sure if I cared before to provide any transitioning as my mind jumps but I have noticed doing that. Since there is no order or headlines, no chapters for this because I want to keep it as authentic to my mind as possible explaining myself like that will do I suppose. I like that its completely raw without actively trying to apply any techniques or anything else someone could learn. I think there is a severe lack of unedited, unrefined media nowadays. While there is reason to that as it can be seen as simply better, I do not care about that. The words are the same and the reader gets to experience a authentic process. But that is just my opinion and I have many other reasons to not care. The place where this started was dark and only filled with despair. I think it has been about ten days now since then. Actually nine if I was to account for the fact that midnight passed 2hours ago. Yes I am not consistent with numericals in writing them out or not but we share noticing it right now. My hands simply slide across the keyboard and I won't go back to changing anything as if it was a pen in my hand and ink on the paper instead of my computer screen. While noting this I forgot what was next on my mind, forgot is probably wrong since its not gone but rather out of focus. Losing that thread happens way too many times for me to count but at the same time it transforms what is actually brought out. I like to think that its a positive thing right now, beating perfectionism can be daring. There is always a “better” objectively. But when is it good enough? When it can keep up with the best, the average? I think when it comes to any art form it is the same as with people. As long as it is authentic, it is good enough. You might point out that there are many technical metrics to measure something by. But that could also go for the value of a human. Which is extremely dangerous to assess as true I think. This might be far from perfect but it is true to me and I doubt you would have read this far if there was nothing of value to be found here. Maybe nobody does read even past the first couple of pages but that won't matter to me once this is done and out. Believe me, there is a lot

telling me to do better and how little anyone would care to read this. But its within the intention and purpose of these pages that I do not succumb to that. I think that should be repeated enough already but it keeps surfacing. I won't lie to you and try making you think I'm a great writer. I have always enjoyed it but trying too much suffocates that joy. The pressure to stand out among so many, the hopes of a dream coming true where so many already died. But I have given up on all the conventional dreams so I don't need to try. All I need to now right now is to show up authentically and conquer the doubt and fear. Someone might say that I should just keep this as my own journal because nobody cares. I think we would appreciate each others journals but are way too afraid of showing it to anyone. I have nothing left to lose, so there is nothing to be afraid of. If you are reading this in bed: have a good night, I will try to sleep too. But before that I want to mention how much frequently I have been dreaming and remembering them. Since I started asking my mind to show me what it can't tell, I heard that advise somewhere and it appears to work somehow. Maybe it is the act of actively opening your mind to it. Perhaps it also just coincidental since I have opened up my mind in a different way recently. Who knows, I certainly don't. Maybe I'll find myself in one that I want to report soon. We will find out I suppose. I dreamt of suffocating actually, while two people were looking at me idly standing by. I suppose I can take it as my subconscious telling me to quit smoking too. Its this certain time around the summer where I am affected by allergies and, mostly at night, I have trouble to breath. Accompanied by a itchy nose and palate during the day. I guess the two people standing by watching me go to the ground can be interpreted as the fact that no one is going to help or do it for me. But I am already fully aware of that, I did woke up shortly after hitting the ground. My childhood asthma coming back to play, its common to be triggered by pollen. I almost died, twice if I remember correctly, during my childhood to it. If it was not for our flat being so small or my mother's paternal instincts. When breathing in works barely and breathing out is almost impossible, that is the greatest panic I felt where I needed to be calm. Obviously with the help of my mother I survived. I am in possession of an inhaler just for these summer situations. I do want to mention that even before smoking these troubles occurred in summer time. But it, of course, made it worse. Another time I could have easily ended was when I moronically ran across a bigger “main-street” as we call them in Germany when I was younger due to not knowing the right way. But I had to get a book from my grandma's place in a hurry because the book report was due the next day. I ran into a tree and almost poked my eye out but I think it is more interesting to mention that although I am sure I looked forwards and not into the car. I was blinded by the headlights so much that I could only see white, which changed the second I ran into that branch. As if my vision snapped back right then and there. While I am at it: I did finish reading that small book that night but was not picked the next day so I would have had two more days. If I was a kid in school nowadays I would ask an AI to tell me everything I need to know about the book, I guess I could have found most of the information back then already but I am not so sure. I was very careful crossing that street but it was already dark and there was no clothing that would have made it easier to spot me. The car that almost hit me did stop but continued driving as I am sure they did not spot anyone and might have thought they were imagining things or saw some animal. I mean they did see some animal but one of the same species as them. I'd say I am pretty good at assessing the speed of cars and how much time I have before they can hit me. Now, not back then. That close call most likely sharpened my senses in a way. I just remembered a instance of bullying that I would resolve exactly the same way again. We had swimming class here and there throughout the school years and that one time one my friends started hitting my back with his towel. One of the big bully type guys was to my other side and felt invited. I snapped after a short time and hit the big guy back, he did punch me in the face and I was way too small to fight back and barefoot on slippery ground so I could not run. But the others took him off me and he later got his consequences through the principal. He never bothered me again after that and none of the others did too. That is what I meant mainly by being a risky target. If I just took it, too afraid of him beating me up, I am sure the others who saw it and him would have started picking on me regularly. A minimum of respect should always be given but if not, you have to earn it. Him beating my nose bloody in front of everybody is undeniable proof that he did, a kind of trap that he lacked the foresight and self-control to not run

into. I didn't set that actively, my impulse just made me hit back. Anger helped me push through the fear that was caused by my obvious physical disadvantage. But I never needed to win a fight I just had to showcase that, if it came down to it, I would defend myself. Not that I was always the victim, I too am guilty of slight bullying from time to time. And while that still deeply shames me, I have the other perspective to tell. I had my many issues, especially with self-worth, someone that would never even react besides looking angry would get a slight kick to the ankle walking by for some time. Feeling inferior inherently all the time made me seek out a way to balance that by feeling superior to someone else. I am deeply sorry now that I am much more mature than I was back then but I just want to further say that if the person presented me with repercussions to my actions then I would have stopped much sooner. After all it was insecurity driven. Which it pretty much always is from my experience. The people not partaking but also not being victims would tell me or others to stop but that was about it. Still accepting and interacting with us. All of this definitely becomes more complicated in adulthood but still takes place, just mostly differently. The same core principles do apply still though. If that person was aware of insecure I was and why, I could have been easily hit verbally and made a laughing stock. Kids can be very cruel to each other. Exposure builds resilience though so it is not purely negative. But nothing really is, perspective is key in understanding. I might have given off the notion to blame the victim for being a victim. Which is hardly fair but honestly there is something to it. If you allow yourself to become a victim you will be one. Zoning out the environment and focusing on yourself and just what you are doing puts a easy target on your back. Presence and awareness prevents that mostly. Everyone focusing on conflict results in a arms race though. So again it is that middle ground between staying defensively responsible while not forgoing what you want or should be doing. The world around us doesn't vanish because we don't want to partake. But getting too caught up with external factors distracts from the active path. My heart stopped is starting to hurt and feel pressured especially when I stretch my left arm in various ways. The obvious and most rational thing to do is of course to see a doctor and have it checked out. But I still hope for being spared of following through with either tough decision. Besides channelling all my energy into writing my last words, it gives another explanation as to why I am so tired most of the day recently. I wake up, write a couple hours and then nap before repeating the process until deep into the night. I have to somehow wake up early enough for my shot of B12 tomorrow that I have been prescribed along the Iron pills due to my prolonged period of malnutrition at the beginning of this year. It's not even like I could get checked while I am there, I hate sitting around and waiting. And if there was something severe found I don't think I have the will to even fight through it. I'd rather die somewhere unknown instead of a hospital and spend my last time at a place with nothing but suffering around me. Hospitals have sadly turned into more of a business instead of having the health and well being of people at their utmost priority. Sure the funds to keep it running have to come from somewhere as those working there did not pick an easy job. Extreme responsibility, stress and no real room for mistakes. My 6months at a station has introduced me to all kinds of people, patients and staff. Helping someone recover their health while they make you the scapegoat for everything that is going less than perfect forces you to focus entirely on the job and forget that you are human yourself. Others are extremely grateful and try to even make your job easier. Of course there is also those in between. I don't want to get started on the food, it's just what comes out when you have to produce in such a large mass. Not that I would know any better solution but it surely is the cherry on top of healthcare functioning like an assembly line. Don't get me wrong it is much better to have than to miss it entirely. I admire anyone who manages to work in this environment for long without burning out. Even if there are narcissists among the nurse staff. Which might be hard to believe but you get to tell people what to do and know a lot of details about them. You get to feel superior to the sick while earning the appearance of a caretaker, a good person. Which we all want to inherently believe that we are. Some may acknowledge that they are not and just accept it, thinking themselves powerless to their nature. A former friend suggested I'd make a podcast a while ago and while that was not a bad idea, I did not feel that comfortable with it. My family knows me as someone calm and quiet but the friends I did not find myself anxious around know me as someone who could talk for hours. When I do I am in

alignment with myself within and the world outside and don't even need to think. Peaceful calm fills me then. But when not it's like I am just watching while I am somewhere behind a wall, far away from what is going on outside. A storm within while I give the appearance of stillness. I am always glad when I find myself inside the eye of the storm so I can breath again. I just want to be but feel prohibited and cut off from myself. I wonder how many more times history will give humans of the future an Galileo example. Someone who challenges what is believed to be known and learn the hard way that simply being right about something does not equal everyone agreeing. And it can't because there is no simple sign to correctness. By what is reported by history of his personality it was probably also rather difficult to side with him. But I guess for someone to have that courage they'd need that kind of personality. It might also just be a wrong image of him since he had to deal with so much opposition while being sure he was right. Good thing nowadays basically everything is somewhat collected in the internet, lets hope all that information doesn't get lost one day. Or filled with so much fake information that it will be impossible to distinguish them from one another. To jump topic again I want to note a idea I had a while ago. What if black holes become a “womb” for planets or other celestial objects. A star evolving to access a more stable energy source. With enough imagination it does resemble the most common process of reproduction in nature. Matter and gravity becoming one. It would provide the perfect place to press both together. I don't care at all about that being right but I find the pure idea extremely funny by how much complexity any other theory holds. The gravitational polarisation of stars and planets might be different after all but I probably won't be around to witness anyone solving this sadly. And to someone that can laugh at the idea, I am glad I provided you with that feeling of superiority. After all I don't want my last words to be without any humour at all. I don't need to know and understand everything that has been put up by science for multiple millennia. Someone else will and does. Which contradicts my longing to be there surely but as I mentioned earlier getting too caught up in catching up might result in following the wrong assumptions and ideas. Too little education obviously results in the same. I guess you can already see where I am getting here again. Some points are worth repeating to get them through. So far I was determined to finish writing this quickly so I can start moving on. But the closer I get to the end, the more I become afraid. I guess telling myself to creating more than a simple note as there is just too much unsaid worked as a kind of procrastination as well. Obviously if I wanted to die so desperately I wouldn't care this much. I would just go through with it and be done. Instead of repeating myself here endlessly basically saying the same things over and over again. But I think the shift in energy is noticeable. Not that I really believe in anything changing for the better soon enough but I could at least prove to myself that I can follow through with something without losing the determination. Maybe it can even serve someone in their times similar to mine as a reminder that there is always another way to look at things. I'll be going 8hours by train later this week to visit a friend for his birthday. I'll be introduced to numerous people and I am already uncomfortable about it. But I'll be going, with more reason than just seeing a friend that I haven't in a long time. I might be filled with dread now and all the way through but there is no other way of changing that without attending. And it could also be the last time I see him. I've been thinking about the implications of running away a lot lately if I do follow through wandering towards foreign places. But the conclusion for is that running away is always easier while this kind of choice is much harder than just accepting a form of living that does not feel meaningful at all. I don't want to cycle around the same places everyday and it is going to lead back into this pit all the time if I don't change it. Just moving to another city won't change that as well. And frankly moving itself is one of the most gruelling, common, experiences in modern society. I begin to think that I don't even want anything after this life. No existence at all and certainly no coming back. Even if it is hard to fathom to literally not experience anything at all. I want to be done sometime. There can be a purpose attributed to everything and that itself can be meaning. The greater meaning of existence might elude us but existence itself can also already be the meaning. So the question as to why there is something might be simply pointless because there is never nothing. My depression might be solvable with therapy and the right physiological conditions. But will that ever quench the longing for meaning? I am not too sure, I took a nap and I am still tired. I am aware that I might

burn myself out by clinging too tight on finishing this. But the waves catch me a little harder every time and I am beginning to feel impending doom. That the coward will win despite everything. If you are just someone, thank you for coming along this little journey with me. If you are one of the people rather close to me, I am sorry that I couldn't be helped. Sorry for hiding and denying any possibility towards that. Sorry that I was not cut out for this world. I don't want to talk about it because there is nothing to really talk about. I can't explain why nothing is enough for me. I dread to answer any messages because I would have to lie if you asked me how I am. I hate to lie. Either way I know you are worried and probably won't even believe me when I say that everything is alright. Right now is a point in time where I would take the easy exit if I had something convenient to execute it. I guess I should just return to bed. I cant think of anything right now that I haven't said already. Or even anything that I want to say. I could have just left a note and be gone already. I hate living with this sickness and I hope everyone without its experience is grateful for that alone. Like someone was dangling what you want right in front of your face and when you think you got a hold of it it just disappears. Now you have to climb a mountain just to even see it again but the cycle never stops. It just goes on and hurts you more every time it repeats. Everything can be a great experience if it feels like it. I should stop reaching and ignore the hope inducing thing in front of my eyes. Break the cycle but its like I am blind while seeing clearly. Deaf while drowned in noise, smelling and tasting everything at once so I cannot identify anything. It is moments like these where I just want to give in to thinking that I am a lost cause while I know the power of change is within me. Lie to myself so it feels right escaping. Stop bothering with the truth and surrender everything. I think I will close this soon before I am unable to finish it. Even if I feel like there is more to say somewhere underneath. But it does not have to be perfect. There will always be something left to say. There will always be something that tells me that there is more. I should surrender it, not to that call but the call itself. Ignore it and choose my own terms. I want to give the more positive side of me another voice though, so I don't end with despair. So I'll just continue resting for now. I guess one hour in bed is all I could muster facing this restlessness. I feel like I'm going mad right now. While I am completely aware that nobody is going to come and save me it is the only hope I can find tonight. I have done nothing the entire day but sit here and write and while it feels like there is still something, I can't find it. Rationally I know rest is the solution and I should return later. But I feel like everything depends on these pages even if they might never be read by anyone. My head feels so full and yet so empty. Like shaking a box and anticipating to find something neat and there is just nothing in there. I can feel it but not see, like I was trying to grab water and it just rinses through my hands. I don't feel like I can even trust anyone right now, cut off and exhausted by myself. I kept up the image of functionality for so long that I am terrified to change it. I am terrified of therapy because what if nothing changes after? I'd just be left with another failed attempt, coming to grips that I may in fact be hopelessly sick. My perspective is so blurred right now. The awareness that what I simply can't see right now is still there does not change it. I feel like messing up by repeating the same sentences. Even if there is nothing to mess up. Since the death of Byron Bernstein in 2020 I kept asking myself how am I going to get out of this if we he couldn't? I don't think my chances are remotely better. It feels inevitable. Although I already gave in which ignited writing this, I picked up the fight again without even noticing it. As soon as I cannot find anything else to say I will be left standing with empty hands in front of death. I regret allowing that glimpse of hope in, it was easier when I chose to not care. Perhaps I should have just actually given up and not made the attempt to care about myself one last time. But I think before this time I'll visit a clinic and at least show those who would mourn that I have tried. After all it does not really matter. I'll still make myself go to my friends birthday party soon. I agreed to bring Thuringian meat and I don't want to let him down on that. Perhaps I can even hand this to a doctor who is willing to take the time and read it to know me better. I just want to get off this roller coaster ride already. Everything inside of me screams but I can't even cry. Completely exhausted but haunted by insomnia. If you hear from me in the future I hope to be someone different. If not I am finally free. We are always right between the past and the future, the future is created by the past and the middle constantly moves along. If I will be in the future or not will be told by time. Until then: Farewell.

“Let me go, It's okay, I am a free throw
No need to pray, I will be fine, let me glow
Nobody has ever held me, nobody truly felt me
I give up the vice grip
A tender, kind, flip
Still the lonely defender, my duty I will never surrender
Love for everything that is real
Above every bring of a deal
Used to cling to the ideal
Bruised I sing what I feel
Illusionary lifelong spiel
Can't you see? I thought you could
I thought you should, I guess I hoped you would”

Sincerely M.M